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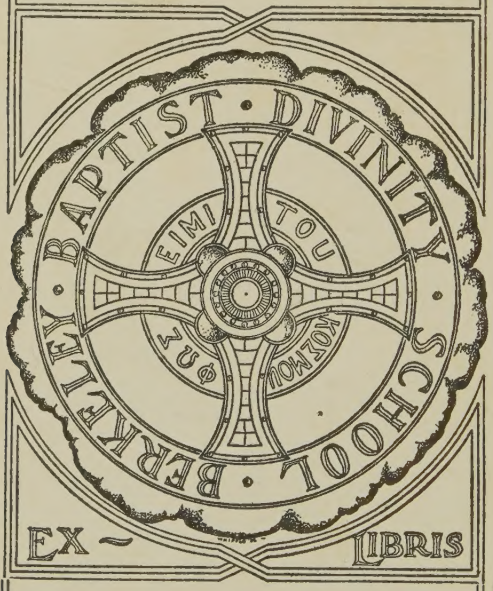

GEORGE KING

MEDICAL EVANGELIST

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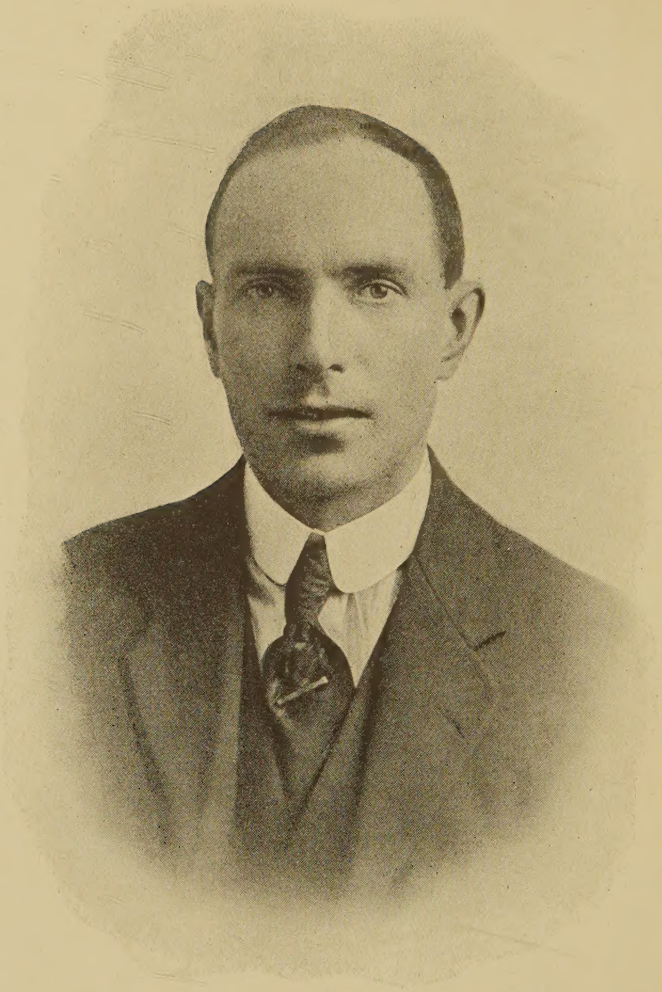

GEORGE EDWIN KING.

A photo taken in 1922.

GEORGE KING

MEDICAL EVANGELIST

BY

THE REV. FRANK HOUGHTON, B.A.

WITH FOREWORD BY

THOMAS COCHRANE, M.B., C.M.

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION, LONDON
PHILADELPHIA, TORONTO, MELBOURNE, AND
SHANGHAI . . . . . .
AGENTS: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY
4 BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4 1930

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BV
3785
K5
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1930

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, EDINBURGH

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
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FOREWORD

Dr. King, "one of the most brilliant students of his year . . . certain to make his way in medicine" goes to China. Why? The answer to that question is one of the most powerful proofs of the Divine origin of Christianity.

The name of Dr. George King has been added to the long list of heroes who, because they loved God, loved China, and laid down their lives in bringing the highest good to the Chinese people. "Greater love hath no man than this."

God is love, and medical missionaries who are filled with the love of God are peculiarly able to influence men and women. God's love gets into their very finger-tips, and hence the exclamation which one hears from the lips of patients' friends, "Isn't his hand soft?" "Isn't his touch light?" All medical missionaries have experienced the peculiar joy that comes when they see a look of gratitude in the eyes of men and women of an alien race.

One of the most touching illustrations of this love which begets love is to be found in an incident recorded in this biography. When Dr. King was stabbed, Chinese, Christians and non-Christians, prayed, as he was borne away on a stretcher, that Jesus would heal him.

The fundamental principle of medical missions has never been set out more clearly than in this book. The true medical missionary does not only illustrate love in action, he demonstrates the fact that Christian love can never be satisfied with less than the highest good of his

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patients, which is not only the cure of the body but the cure of the immortal soul.

Another missionary principle is involved in Dr. King's remark, "Surely Kansu is far too much forgotten in the distribution of the Bread!" The inequality in the distribution of missionary forces and resources is one of the most serious facts of the missionary situation, and demands a study of the world's neediest fields.

The mention of Borden, and the founding of the Borden hospital; of Kao, the founder of an indigenous Church; of Dr. Wu, killed by bandits; of Dr. Rand, who died of typhus, which has killed many missionaries; of the wide scope of the medical work which touched Chinese, Moslem, Tibetan, Turki, and Tartar, will, I hope, stimulate readers to seek to know more about the work of the China Inland Mission and the great missionary enterprise in general.

The characteristics of George King were an unwavering faith, a quiet, dauntless courage, and a passion for souls. His comparatively short life has left behind a legacy which will influence countless other lives. He was one of that band of men and women whose work has been indelibly written on the page of China's history, and one day China will gratefully acknowledge this.

THOMAS COCHRANE

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CHAPTER I

LAOHOKOW AND EDINBURGH

He was one of a group of boys—all, like himself, from George Watson's College, Edinburgh—and, as they passed through the Meadows on their way home from school, the talk turned on ambitions. Several had already spoken when George King said quietly, "My ambition is to be a missionary", and a silence fell as the others realized the contrast between their ambitions and his.

There are doubtless those who would find a satisfying explanation of so definite a sense of vocation at the age of fifteen or sixteen in his missionary parentage. His father, George King, senior, joined the China Inland Mission in 1875, and worked in the provinces of Kansu, Shensi, and Hupeh until the conviction deepened that he might be of greater service to his Master if he were a qualified medical man. Imagine him, therefore, after eighteen years of varied experience in China without a furlough, returning to the homeland and, at the age of thirty-seven, patiently setting himself to spend five long years in close study at Edinburgh University in order to equip himself more fully for the task of making Christ known. A letter written on board ship as he was leaving for China in 1875 speaks of the joy with which he obeyed God's call, "that sweet, restful joy that sees His face smiling, and cannot help smiling back"; in 1899 it was,

he says, the privilege of being a partner with Christ in bringing in His "other sheep" which constrained him to follow Him once more to China, "not only in the pleasant paths, but in the way of suffering".

And his mother? Miss Harriette Black was one of five gifted sisters who for many years laboured for God in China. Four of them, herself included, were members of the China Inland Mission. A mistress at a Girls' School in Belfast, she had nevertheless found time and energy for evangelistic work. The Pastor under whom she worked, one well known in Christian circles throughout the world, said of her, "I have never seen her ruffled and I have never known her to give up. Indeed, I have known her hunt up enquirers in our Gospel meetings after I had thought it useless." But in 1883 "the need of the heathen and the command of the Master" impelled her to offer to the C.I.M., and she was one of the seventy who were added to the Mission in the years 1882–84. In July, 1885, at Hanchung in Shensi, she met her future husband. "In the evening I attended the Chinese prayer-meeting, which was conducted by Mr. George King, who came down on Monday from Sianfu." After this brief diary record it is no surprise to find that they were married during that same year.

If, recognizing the individuality of the missionary call, we cannot regard it as inevitable that George King should follow the example of such parents, and consecrate himself to foreign missionary work, we must at least admit that it would have been strange indeed if he had been led to offer for any other country than China. For China was his native land. After their marriage and the birth of their daughter Emily in 1886, his parents made their home for some time at Lantan, a small place on the borders of Hupeh and Shensi, some hundreds of miles up

the river Han.[1] Lantan was not a town or even a village, but simply an encampment for families fleeing from justice in one or other of the adjacent provinces. An angry mob stoned King out of Hsingan (Shensi) in January, 1887, when he endeavoured to secure a house there, and he found refuge with other outlaws (!) at Lantan. The "house" was "a series of rooms, one on top of the other, built against the side of a rocky mountain. The rooms were reached by means of ladders through holes in the floors, and the top room opened out on to the mountain-side, from which a glorious view was obtained. The back wall of each room was bare rock." But Lantan was only a "jumping-off place". At the end of August the Kings embarked on a house-boat and "spent nearly two months at different points about Hsingan". The desire to see a foreign baby was responsible for the comparatively friendly reception which they received in the homes of the people. Mooring to the bank whenever they reached a promising place, the Kings landed, dispensed medicines, preached and visited in the homes. But failure followed every attempt to rent or buy premises, and they heard that "the commandant of the city had given private orders to the chiefs of the beggars that if we took a house they were at once to go and wreck it, and he would pay them handsomely".

But in November they started down river to Fancheng, where missionaries were already at work, and it was on the house-boat, two nights before they reached their destination, that their baby son, George Edwin, was born—November 20, 1887.

Apparently this same "noble little ship", as King called it, continued to be their home for some months

[1] The Han empties itself into the Yangtse at Hankow (= Hanmouth).

longer. True, he had rented a house in the city of Laohokow, five hundred miles (or one month's journey, by Chinese boat) above Hankow, but when, in December, he landed there with his family, the crowds which gathered to see the foreign lady were so great that they moved down to the boat again and lived there until premises could be obtained not quite so near the main street. Even there, they reckoned that the average number who came daily to see them during the first few weeks was no less than four thousand, and from morning till night the missionaries spent themselves in entertaining and preaching to their visitors. Such was the "home" into which George King was born, and such the environment in which his earliest years were spent. They were years of indefatigable labours and apparently little fruit. "Three years and more", writes King in 1891, "we have been preaching and teaching, and one is tempted to think sometimes that the effects are *nil*." But in December, 1892, twenty-nine converts were baptized, and before he left on his first furlough, he ordained the Chinese elder as pastor of the little Church.

. . . . . .

Mr. and Mrs. King, with their six-year-old daughter and their five-year-old son, settled in 1893 at Edinburgh, the city which was to be their home for more than five years then, and for many more years later on. Of these years (1893–99) scarcely any record remains. George entered the Elementary School of George Watson's College in 1894 (just before his seventh birthday), but as a small boy, one among hundreds, he made little impression on those who taught him. One who as a child was asked to go and play with the King children, because, having been born in China, they were shy of "foreign" children, remembers George as a quiet, unassuming

little fellow. His father was nearly always closeted in his study, but immediately after tea the whole family joined him for prayers. Mrs. King was a frequent speaker at women's meetings, and to this day there are those who thank God on every remembrance of her. There was a beauty and a calmness about her, revealed not only in her addresses, but also in the home life, where her influence was so strong that force never seemed to be needed or applied. And busy though the father was, his life, too, was doubtless a strong formative influence in those early days. The following letter, treasured up by his son, was written when the home at Edinburgh was already broken up, and preparations were under way for the return to China in February 1899:

MY OWN DEAR BOY,—I feel ashamed that I let your birthday pass without greetings. It is not too late yet, and I may wish you "Many Happy Returns of the Day" "and of the week following". You can scarcely remember your first week in the Chinese boat: Mother and I do, and thank God the bonnie bairn we were fond and proud of then has given us every reason to be fond and proud of him to this day, and I believe will do so as long as God spares him.

I delight to hear of your outdoor life, the pleasure you find in it, the good you get by it. God grant you strength and health of body and mind; and even more to be a frank, manly, sturdy soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. A good motto to remember is, "That he may please Him Who hath called him to be a soldier". "We make it our aim to please Him." You remember Enoch's testimonial, "He pleased God".

Sometimes I fear I may have been shy and backward in speaking to you of the claims of the Lord our Master on your service and devotion; and that I have even failed to exemplify—what is yet true—that His service is perfect freedom and joy. But this *is* true: and there is nothing so strong, so manly, so courageous, so honourable, so glad and free, as being a faithful servant and soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Give yourself, my darling boy, heartily and cordially into God's hands: He will make your mirth merrier, your laugh louder, your heart more light and glad, your eye brighter, your enjoyment of His works and Word more deep. I want you to be a thorough boy in romps and frolic: God loves to see you so: He made young things to skip, and leap, and laugh. He does not ask His children, old or young, to pull sober faces, and weep, and lament. But to have Him bless the mirth, and share the joy, and smile on the sport, adds to the pleasure. No friend, no chum, is so real, and faithful, and cheerful, as the Lord Jesus.

God bless you, my dear boy.

FATHER.

CHAPTER II

CHEFOO AND KESWICK, 1902

JUST over fifty years ago, after a very trying journey from Shanghai, Mr. Hudson Taylor landed at Chefoo—a seaport in the northern province of Shantung—a sick man. His rapid recovery, due largely to the bracing sea breezes, suggested to his mind the suitability of Chefoo as a sanatorium for missionaries, whose lives might thus be saved and their stay in China prolonged. In September, 1879, land was bought and a house erected, and before the end of the year it had been decided to build not only a sanatorium, but a school for the children of missionaries. To this school, twenty years later, came George and Emily King, and here they lived for three years. On the death of Dr. Douthwaite, Dr. King was appointed Medical Officer to the three schools (Boys', Girls', and Preparatory), and George was therefore a day boy at Chefoo as at Edinburgh, but at Chefoo he was one of fifty or sixty boys, while at George Watson's his schoolmates numbered over a thousand.

It was a healthy, happy life, and then, as now, first things were kept first in the education of the boys. The pleasant monotony of those years was broken by the Boxer Rising of 1900. Chefoo was kept in peace, but one can readily imagine the excitement of the boys when it was known that watch was being kept at night, and that arrangements had been made for the removal of the

ladies and children, if any danger was feared. Refugees, Chinese and foreign, poured into the city, and George would hear their stories. Especially he must have heard his father speak of one brave Chinese Christian, who was lodged with others in the little hospital at Chefoo. Dr. King writes of him as follows :

> One [of the refugees] is an aged Christian preacher, a most earnest and faithful worker, now sixty-five years old. He was seized, hung up by his wrists, heavy stones fastened to his feet. Then he was beaten, and asked if he were still a Christian. He answered fearlessly that he was. They burnt his wrists with incense or "joss sticks", but could not bend his firm will. He managed to get home, how I do not know, and the wounds putrefied in the fierce heat. He was brought in to our hospital with hands, wrists, and forearms sadly lacerated and burned. The wounds where the cords had cut down, and the parts burned, were very fœtid, and it was a question whether one might hope to save the left arm, or whether it should be amputated. But the old man being much weakened, amputation would possibly have cost him his life, and I am doing what I can to save the arm. The days of Confessors are not past yet.

Already George was giving evidence of the remarkable mental ability which distinguished him in later years. A few months before leaving Chefoo, when he was only fourteen years of age, he passed the Second Class College of Preceptors' examination with honours, and received the second Junior Prize for General Proficiency open to all competitors under sixteen in England or elsewhere.

There, too, like most Chefoo boys, he became an expert swimmer. In his time the day began with an early morning bathe soon after 5.30 A.M., and from his Chefoo days onwards he was always thoroughly at home in the water.

Unfortunately, in 1902, not only did Mrs. King's

health break down, but misunderstandings arose which led to Dr. King's retirement from the Mission. Mrs. King and the children returned to England, and went again to Edinburgh, while Dr. King accepted a position as medical officer to the Peking Syndicate, a Company engaged in mining and engineering work in Honan and other provinces. The facilities for Christian work on which he had counted were not accorded him, and his dual position as servant of the Syndicate and Christian missionary brought difficulties upon him which tried him greatly though he never permitted them to sour his spirit.

It was on July 8th that the trio landed in England, and the end of that same month found them at the Keswick Convention. To George it was an unforgettable experience. His actual conversion is undated, but in after years Keswick, 1902, stood out "as a landmark", he says, "of an entirely new consciousness of God, and as the time when I 'made Jesus King'. This has been increasingly followed by a sense of sin and need of the Saviour and of the atonement He wrought out for us." And this enthronement of Christ as King was by no means merely an emotional experience, for the words "Make Jesus King" were henceforward the motto of his life. It was the recognition of Christ's Kingship over his heart which determined his attitude towards every problem. There came a time some years later when, as he told a friend, "I was inclined to set up an office in my own heart, and settle some things myself". But because Jesus was *King*, that "office" was closed, and the key was handed over to Him. Just before his schooldays were over, and he was about to enter the University, he was "tackled" by a very intimate though somewhat older friend as to his relationship to Christ. "I do not

know when I took Jesus as my Saviour," he said, "but it is just two years since I made Jesus King." And later still, when he was asked to join a friend in a missionary caravan tour, his telegraphic reply was "Sorry! Make Jesus King". All his plans and arrangements were subject to the direction of his Lord. Doubtless he was delivered, through this surrender in 1902, from temptations, which might otherwise have proved too strong for him, to turn aside from the narrow path of God's Will. The fourteen-year-old boy was as yet uncertain about his future. It had not been settled that he should enter the medical profession, still less that he should be a medical missionary. But he had "made Jesus King", and that involved a readiness to hear His call and obey His voice, whenever the summons came.

CHAPTER III

EDINBURGH AGAIN

SEPTEMBER, 1902, found him again at George Watson's College, one of those magnificent secondary schools—in several cases founded originally as "hospitals" for orphans or the children of very poor parents—for which Edinburgh is famous. In spite of its size—it was at one time the largest secondary school in the world, with 1700 boys attending—George Watson's has maintained a very high standard of efficiency, and year by year there issues from it a steady stream of boys who, with high ideals and a sound education, help to maintain the splendid reputation which the school already possesses. Watsonian clubs exist in all parts of the world, and at one time, during the War, no less than five Cabinet Ministers (including the famous brothers Sir Eric and Sir Auckland Geddes) were old boys of Watson's.

George King probably had as good mental equipment as any of them. "In Class VB", says a member of the staff, who has kindly searched the school records, "he was the best boy of the year, being 1st in English, Latin, and Mathematics, and 2nd in French. In session 1903–4 (VA), although his success was not quite so striking, he again had an excellent record, his place being 1st in Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Dynamics (equal), 2nd in English, 4th in Latin, and 6th in Greek. It is interesting to note in connection with his Greek mark that although

he only took up the study of the language that session he rose from 10th place at the end of the first term to 5th in the second, and as indicated was 6th for the work of the year. It is very rarely one meets with a boy of such brilliant promise."

Here, too, he formed lifelong friendships. He was not the type of boy who would easily become popular. Long-distance cycling interested him more than ordinary sports, and he had a quiet, reserved manner and a rather overwhelming conscientiousness which were not in themselves attractive. But his influence was deep if not wide, and we must let a school-fellow—himself also a missionary of the C.I.M.—describe the origin and growth of a prayer meeting, run entirely by the boys themselves, with which George King was prominently associated.

In 1903 Dr. Torrey held his Mission in Edinburgh. It struck quite a new note in evangelistic effort in Edinburgh, and large audiences assembled night after night for several weeks to listen to Dr. Torrey's masterly addresses, and to be stirred by the singing as led by Mr. Charles M. Alexander. Experience has proved that very many of the professed conversions were the work of God's grace in hearts.

Among those who accepted Christ at that time were numbers of schoolboys. I cannot say for certain that it was King who secured the attendance of many of his class-mates at the meetings, but practically half his class, about twenty or more in number, were converted. Then King conceived the idea of a Prayer Meeting, once a week, after school hours. There were cricket and football and literary clubs, why not a Prayer Meeting? Names of Watson's boys who had signed decision cards at Dr. Torrey's meetings were obtained, and so others in the school obtained invitations to the meetings. At most of the meetings in Dr. King's day there was an attendance of about thirty.

The meeting was given a good old-fashioned name: it was

called "The Prayer Meeting", and I don't think the name was ever changed. The methods at the meetings were old-fashioned enough too. A list of Bible and missionary subjects was drawn up at the beginning of the session, and one boy was selected each week to read a paper. After the reading there was opportunity for discussion, following which the whole company got down on their knees and there was real prayer, a large number taking part, some only a sentence, others longer. I remember such subjects as the Parable of the Sower, the Parable of the Ten Virgins, Paul, Prayer, Faith, Friendships, but one missionary paper I remember well to this day. Its subject was China and it was read by King. I can see that class-room with its benches and desks and blackboard even now. King was immediately behind me, and I recollect that his paper treated the subject in a very full way. It would be interesting to know if more than one had their thoughts and hearts directed to China that day as the field to which God was directing, and to which He eventually called.

I should say that upwards of half of King's class-mates attended the Prayer Meeting. Although I had no direct means of knowing to what extent they were chaffed, or possibly mildly persecuted, by the others, there was undoubtedly a good deal of opposition. One Friday afternoon when we approached the particular class-room where the prayer meeting was usually held, we were surprised to be told that it was to be held in another room at the other end of the building. On arrival there we learned the reason. A number of opposers in King's class had conspired to make a raid, with the definite intention of "chucking" us all out! King's counsel had been to avoid any clash, if possible. Very soon we were progressing with the meeting in our new quarters. But the raiders knew King and those of like mind to him too well. They realized that, of course, we had not abandoned the Prayer Meeting, but had only changed our quarters. Either the next Friday, or the Friday following, it became known to us that our lair had been discovered, and that it was the intention of the others to spring a surprise upon us. Accordingly we hastily swarmed into the room and promptly locked the door. Half a minute later we heard muffled whispers out-

side, and an instant later a rough hand was laid upon the door-handle, and great was the chagrin of those outside when they realised they were baulked. Then a tremendous hullabaloo commenced outside, the opponents tearing at the door-handle, throwing themselves upon the door, and generally exercising their lungs as schoolboys can. Within the room, at a signal from King and other leaders, not a sound was made, and I think we were all beginning to wonder if those outside would actually break in the door, when suddenly we heard the familiar voice of the janitor outside the door, "Gang awa oot o' this", or words to that effect. He had crept stealthily up behind, and the next thing we heard was the resounding smack of his stick descending upon those nearest to him. There was a very sudden clattering down the stairs of the would-be intruders, and we were not disturbed by them again in that way.

Their ringleader, however, was evidently a die-hard, for next week he himself turned up, and gained access to the meeting. William, the janitor, had by that time declared his intention of waiting round the corner, just to give his stick a little more exercise, so we decided we could safely return to the old room. I remember how the intruder sat through the reading of the paper, and then rose to pour contempt upon what had been said. He certainly did some reviling, but it is interesting to me, as I look back, to recollect that King and the others did no reviling in return. His remarks were received amid a cold silence, and then the meeting continued as though no opponent were present. The intruder made no further interruption and evidently had the wind taken out of his sails completely, for he made no move to go. I wonder what he felt like as he remained with us while we all knelt in prayer.

A final incident with regard to the Prayer Meeting is specially interesting as it has to do in a prominent way with King. On the occasion related above when the room was raided by opponents, naturally, as soon as we heard the would-be intruders scuttling off as fast as they could, we all "let go", and quite a hubbub of conversation ensued, mixed up with a good deal of jollity. We were all enjoying it im-

mensely—except one. By and by he rose. It was King, of course. He was taller than any other in the room and broad in proportion. He also appeared to have a massive head. But in moral power he towered over all the others. As soon as he rose there was quiet, and his few words produced a great impression. He pointed out that we did not meet as a club or a debating society, nor ought we, he said, to manifest any light or careless spirit in our attitude at the meetings, but seek in a quiet and reverent spirit to gain spiritual help and communion with God. Thereupon the meeting proceeded in its usual way.

Another schoolfellow[1] writes:

We all looked up to him as to a princely leader. We felt the maturity of his Christian character was indeed exceptional. The glow of his love, the radiance of his purity, kept us in constant marvelling. Then his moral and Christian qualities seemed, to me at least, completely to outshine the undoubted brilliance of his mind. I never knew a boy to possess so big a soul.

I can clearly remember how King invariably brought to school an *enormous* bundle of books. Whether he actually required them all I do not know. It was as if he could not do his work except with gigantic thoroughness.

The Prayer Meeting which he started, and of which I was one of the original members, exerted a remarkable influence in the school. The impetus which some of us there received towards expressing religious and moral thoughts in our own original way was something which is still strong. King never criticised what must have been our very imperfect efforts. Whilst we invariably read what we had to say, King was able to speak freely and helpfully without paper; and whilst we were often nervous and halting in prayer, our great leader was perfectly at home. And yet I never felt that he regarded the conduct of that Prayer Meeting as easy work. He often flushed and spoke as if under considerable tension. He seemed to feel that these schoolboy meetings were full of incalculable issues—as indeed they were.

[1] The Rev. J. O. Ritchie.

It is interesting to note that a meeting from which at least two boys went eventually as missionaries to China should be held in a room whose walls are now decorated with Chinese curios presented by Sir James Haldane Stewart Lockhart, K.C.M.G.

One relic of his schooldays is a magazine, with a bright red cover, entitled the *Meteor*. King was co-editor, and contributed a ridiculous article on "Life at Sea" which reveals him as a very human person. "Statistics" at the end bear witness to the amazing labours of the "editors": "To gain some idea of the work involved in printing [N.B.—The magazine is actually written by hand, not printed], if all the lines of all the pages of all the copies were placed in a line, they would stretch one and a quarter miles. Again, nearly twice as many letters are there, in all, than people in Edinburgh!" The magazine was produced entirely by Class VA, and King's co-editor, in referring to the Art Editor (who has since died), says: "I think I am right in saying that George was largely instrumental in introducing B—— to Someone else, Who made all the difference".

But the boy's character was being moulded not only by the school with its splendid motto *Ex corde caritas* (Love from the heart), but also by his home life. His mother was not only a wise counsellor to her children, and a radiant exemplifier of the consecrated life, she was also a comrade who leaned on them, and especially on her growing son, even as they leaned on her. They lived together a life of spartan simplicity, in which first things were always first, but friends who were privileged to enter the inner circle rejoiced in the warmth of a Christian atmosphere in which it seemed a natural and a joyful thing to follow the highest ideals, and to choose and delight in the Will of God.

At the same time Mrs. King was naturally looking forward to the day when she could rejoin her husband in inland China. Towards the end of 1904 they were all anticipating the break-up of the home in Morningside Gardens. Dr. King wrote from Honan of the house and garden which were being prepared for his wife. He rejoiced to hear that George had won a bursary and was entering the University in October as a medical student. Meanwhile Emily was to be trained at the Deaconesses' Home in George Square.

On Saturday, December 17, Mrs. King's trunks were all packed and corded in the hall, and on the following Monday an agent was coming to arrange for the sale of the furniture. That evening a little group of friends had joined them, and they were singing together some of their favourite hymns, such as:

> Glory, glory dwelleth
> In Immanuel's land.

Little did they realize that on that very day Dr. King had passed into the glory-land. He died of septic pneumonia contracted through his self-sacrificing care of a Chinese patient. On Monday the telegram reached Edinburgh, and on Wednesday Mrs. King could write in reply to a letter of sympathy, "The Cross is *not* greater than His grace". So the boxes were unpacked, the furniture remover was not needed, and the trio began life again drawn together more than ever by their common loss.

Like scores of other medical students George King was associated with, and assisted by, the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, although he did not live (as he had planned to do if his mother returned to China) with the other students at the Livingstone Dispensary

in the Cowgate. The district, alas, continues to be what it was in King's day—one of the worst slums in one of the finest cities of Europe. All that private and (very definitely) Christian enterprise can do to relieve suffering and poverty, and, above all, to lead souls to Christ, is being done by the Medical Mission. It provides a splendid training-ground for Christian workers in all lands. Hardly anywhere will they find degradation which calls more loudly for the miraculous uplifting and regenerating power of the Spirit of God. He who has won his spurs in the Cowgate is fitted better than most men to face the power of the devil in a Chinese or Hindu city.

Each student is expected to undertake some definite Christian work, and it fell to King's lot to assist in the Bible Class for Christian women held on Sunday afternoons. To this day there are women who remember him affectionately as one who gave himself whole-heartedly to the work. The whole of Friday evening, from about 6.30 to 10 P.M., was occupied in visiting the homes of the women. At that time of day their husbands and children were often at home, and there was a splendid opportunity for quiet Christian witness.

But King was not one of those enthusiasts who neglect their studies in order to give their whole time to Christian work, and then trust the Lord to help them through their examinations! Apart from quiet holidays in the Highlands with his mother and sister and a college friend, he applied himself so steadily to his work that the list of his successes is far too long and formidable to be reproduced here. He was early recognized as one of the most brilliant students of his year, and though he did not obtain the coveted Ettles Scholarship, which goes to the first man, yet he graduated in 1909 with First-Class Honours; he was a Medallist in Forensic Medicine, Men-

tal Diseases, Practical Medicine, Systematic Surgery, and Tropical Medicine; he gained Distinction in both his Professional Examinations; and he was awarded a First-Class Honours Certificate in Anatomy, Botany, Chemistry, Forensic Medicine, Materia Medica, Medicine (Systematic and Practical), Mental Diseases, Gynæcology, Pathology, Physics, Surgery, Tropical Medicine, and Zoology.

It is often difficult to know how much weight to attach to testimonials, in which the writers deal largely in generalities and give all possible praise from a positive standpoint, leaving the astute reader to infer the deficiencies of the subject by noting what is omitted. But George King's teachers could write of him without subterfuge or reservation. "A very distinguished student." "I took a great liking to him for his quiet unassuming way." "An exceptionally able man, and one who is certain to make his way in medicine." "His record is really a remarkable one." "Mr. King has much common sense and tactful caution." "Dr. King's conscientiousness, practical skill, and kindliness." In fact, there is material here for a character study which would be absolutely true to life.

The trio were on holiday[1] in Inverness-shire when the graduation ceremony took place. George travelled south on the previous day, and it was characteristic of him that instead of staying in Edinburgh to be fêted or otherwise to celebrate the occasion, he left on his bicycle for Perth with a handful of raisins in his pocket, as soon as the ceremony was over.

In September of the same year they were in London,

[1] Their holidays in the Highlands were one of their few extravagances. George was always happy roaming the hills alone, or reading aloud to a friend from Browning or some other well-loved poet.

having travelled from Aberdeen by sea, probably in order to save expense. Emily was now an accepted candidate of the China Inland Mission, and lived at the Ladies' Training Home. George and his mother were at the Mission Headquarters, and she was asked to be Superintendent of the Mission Home—a task which is no sinecure—while George spent most of his days at Guy's and other hospitals, doing some "Eye" work and taking several special courses.

In March of the following year (1910), soon after his sister had sailed for China, he was back in Edinburgh, as Resident House Surgeon in the Royal Infirmary—a position to which only the few can hope to attain—to Mr. J. M. Cotterill (now Sir Montagu Cotterill). The six months here were not particularly happy ones, for his uncompromising Christian witness made difficulties (perhaps not always inevitably) for him in the "mess". But it was at this time that his future, which up to September, 1909, had seemed "shadowy and uncertain", gradually became clear, and at the end of July he offered definitely to the C.I.M., of which his mother was now once again a full member.

Ever since his schooldays he had kept before him the goal of work in the mission field, and he was drawn to the C.I.M. because of its interdenominational character. When asked to what denomination he belonged, he said, "Well, perhaps I am a baptized[1] Presbyterian, with some love for the Brethren and some for the Church, but most, I hope, for the Lord, Who has many folds but one flock".

The definite doctrinal position of the C.I.M. might at one time have made him hesitate to offer to that society, for he had not passed through the difficult years of Uni-

[1] He had been immersed as a schoolboy.

versity life altogether unscathed, but during this same year he says, in writing to a friend, "Lately I have been brought through a time of misty groping in the paths of reason into a certain assurance which is wonderful and glorious, of the fact of Revelation and the reality of the Holy Spirit—and a fuller sense of the true importance and essentialness of the facts of our faith". It is easy to recognize an echo of these experiences in a paragraph from a leaflet entitled "The Choice of a Life Work", which he wrote for doctors, nurses, and dispensers, after some years' work in China.

To another type of mind, perhaps not yet free from the theological doubts and uncertainties which so frequently follow on a modern scientific education, it may seem presumptuous to launch out in such a Mission as the China Inland Mission, where four-square allegiance to the Bible as the very Word of God and to its teachings is firmly held. Is a candidate beset by doubts to hold back till he feels sure that he "knows fully"? "Believe your beliefs and doubt your doubts. Don't doubt your beliefs and believe your doubts." Those old words have a world of wisdom in them. To regain and to retain a triumphant faith, there is no better, no other road, than obedience to the commands of Christ. So do not let the fogs of doubt deter you from getting in touch with us. Light grows as it is followed. Has He not said to His disciples, "Go—preach—heal"? Do what He says. Is that not enough for thee?

No special call seems to have come to him, but he found quite sufficient reason for consecrating his life to China in the *need* of that land and in the fact that he was free to go. "The need abroad being so much vaster", he says, "than that at home, joined with the lack of obstacles to keep me back, have long, though perhaps gradually, led me to regard this step as inevitable for me."

Three friends have special recollections of Dr. King at this period, and all help to fill in the bare outline of the man's life and character which is all that can be given here.

I like to think of Dr. King as he was when we met him fresh from Edinburgh, where he had been so successful in his medical career. But his heart was burdened with the need of the Mohammedan world, and his one desire seemed to be to be Christ's messenger to these needy people.

He spoke at the Y.W.C.A., Kilburn, before he first went to China, and gave such a wondrous word on Matthew ix. 36, that I am not the only one who remembered his address. I can see and hear him now "moved with compassion".

And this—characteristic of the man who afterwards made it his business to get as near to the Chinese as possible :

Dr. King always had an original streak in him. When he was staying at the C.I.M. Training Home he used to visit the Radical Club near by, in order to get into contact with men and find out what they were thinking.

Right to the end of September, 1910, he was busy with his "job" at the Infirmary, and then, after a few weeks spent in purchasing and packing his outfit, etc., he sailed for China in the Norddeutscher Lloyd steamer *Bülow* on November 22—two days after his twenty-third birthday. And to their mutual joy his mother sailed with him, returning thus after eleven years to the land she loved. As they neared Port Said she wrote to a friend in Edinburgh, "Our cup runs over—a comfortable ship, good weather, pleasant companionship, opportunities of service for the King—all are ours."

On January 3, 1911, they landed at Shanghai.

CHAPTER IV

SERVING HIS APPRENTICESHIP

THE voyage out had not been without interest. One of the ports of call was Algiers, and there King came face to face for the first time with the solid wall of opposition which Islam everywhere raises against the Gospel of Christ.

We had the great privilege of visiting a Miss Trotter, who lives in an Arab home right in the Arab quarter. What struck us especially was the enduring faith with which she had worked in that hard Mohammedan city for twenty years. . . . And now after all these years the fruit is scarcely to be discerned (no one has been baptized, and just a few seem truly interested), but in patient faith and love she works away "seeing Him Who is invisible". It was a bracing sight, and one to be remembered when one's labour does not bear fruit as soon as one could wish.

A fellow-passenger—a returning missionary of the C.I.M.—was struck by King's "humble-mindedness". "His natural gifts", he says, "were above the average, yet I was daily impressed with the absence of any assumed superiority. . . . The Scriptures were daily in his hands on deck."

After six days in Shanghai, where the trio were together again for the last time on earth, King went up the Yangtse to Anking, the capital of the province of Anhwei, and, since 1886, the centre to which all male candi-

dates of the C.I.M. go for language study on their arrival in China. King went there by river steamer, completing in two or three days the journey for which the pioneers, who travelled by Chinese house-boat in 1869, required a full fortnight. At the Training Home he found nine other students, all of whom had already spent several months in the study of Chinese, but King, being China-born, naturally made very rapid progress, and after four months he was asked to go for the summer to Kaifeng, the capital city of the neighbouring province of Honan, where medical work had been carried on by Dr. Whitfield Guinness and Dr. S. H. Carr since 1902. A hospital was built in the south suburb of the city in 1905, and in the year 1910 over 300 in-patients and 10,000 out-patients had been treated there. King had actually been designated to Pingyang, in the northern province of Shansi, but the hospital there was temporarily closed in the absence of Dr. John Carr on furlough, and meanwhile his brother was single-handed at Kaifeng while Dr. Guinness was in England.

The time at Kaifeng was a very happy one. God was blessing the work—during that year 120 patients professed belief in Christ—and King was able to combine language study with the acquiring of practical experience in a Chinese Mission hospital, where it is not easy to attain the standard of efficiency which characterizes (for example) the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh! There were the usual cases of opium poisoning to treat—cases in which suicide is attempted "less to escape the misery of this world than to inflict misery on the survivors, who have both the shame and disgrace and possible legal trouble of having caused the death, and also the funeral expenses, besides the ghastly horror of visitations of evil brought upon the living by the departed". King greatly

enjoyed the opportunities of visiting villages near Kaifeng in company with the Chinese medical students for the purpose of preaching the Gospel.

Mrs. S. H. Carr writes of these days as follows :

We were all very fond of him. He was so courteous and gentle, and yet so careless of what people thought of him. He and my husband understood and appreciated each other, and it was my part to mother him when he came from Anking. I have two pictures of him in my mind. One is of the tall figure in the cotton gown, striding across the compound from the hospital where his bedroom was, to our house, head bent reading Chinese—nearly always late for tiffin. I remonstrated with him about it, and told him how it hurt me that he should eat his meals in a hurry and half cold. His reply was so characteristic. He did not see any reason why he should be punctual, but as I had asked him to be he would endeavour to do so, to please me. He cared as little about dress as about food, and I had great difficulty in bringing his clothes to order.

The other picture is of the tall figure walking between a little boy and girl—all three very happy. The reward held out to A. and M. for chatting away in Chinese to the young missionary was the promise of a thrilling story.

His life was so earnest, and he filled it to the full with service for God.

At length it was arranged that he should leave in October for Pingyang, as Dr. John Carr had returned. Mrs. King, writing from Kuling to an Edinburgh friend, on October 10, says:

He has been very happy at Kaifeng. Several young medical students were with him in the hospital there, and one of them, a true, bright Christian lad, is going up with him to Pingyang in Shansi. The pair of them are probably to start for that place to-morrow.

There are two points of real significance in this letter. The first is the mention of the "bright Christian lad"

who was to accompany King to Pingyang, for he was none other than the Dr. Kao whose work in north-west Kansu has secured him a place in the prayers of hundreds of Christians in the homelands since the publication of *Through Jade Gate*.[1] When King knew him he had just graduated at Kaifeng, and it was not till several years later that the call came to him to sacrifice his worldly prospects and the certainty of obtaining a lucrative appointment, and to become in the truest sense a missionary.

The other point of significance is the date of the letter, for it was written on October 10, 1911, the very day on which the revolt of Li Yuan Hung's troops in Hankow ushered in the great Revolution which, from one point of view, is still (1930) in process of being completed. The anniversary has been observed ever since, and is styled the "Double Tenth Festival", because the actual outbreak occurred on the tenth day of the tenth month.

While missionaries were advised to evacuate their stations in many of the inland provinces, including Honan, Kaifeng itself remained perfectly quiet, and the work continued as usual. But Dr. John Carr had left Pingyang, in obedience to Consular orders, and thus King remained on at Kaifeng until March, 1912, helping in Red Cross work amongst wounded soldiers, in addition to his ordinary duties. By that time the Manchu Emperor had abdicated, and peace was, for a time, restored.

The autumn of 1911 had been, to some extent, overshadowed by Mrs. King's unexpected return to England. The Mission authorities had arranged for her to be stationed with her son at Pingyang, and she was eagerly

[1] *Through Jade Gate and Central Asia.* By Mildred Cable and Francesca French. Constable & Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d.

looking forward to this reunion when one of her missionary sisters (at Swatow) developed a serious illness which necessitated her return to England. The doctors insisted that she must be accompanied by someone who knew her well, and gradually it became clear to Mrs. King that God was calling her to make this great sacrifice, and go with her sister. And so, still hoping to continue her work in China later on, she sailed from Shanghai for London in November.

Instead of taking the more direct but possibly unsafe route to Pingyang, Dr. King travelled by rail to Taiyuan, the Shansi provincial capital, and thence seven days by road to Pingyang. With him was Dr. Kao, who, he said, made "a fine road companion".

Pingyang was opened to the Gospel long before an entrance was effected in Kaifeng, and it will always be famous in the story of the Chinese Christian Church as the home of Pastor Hsi. Medical work was begun in 1894 by Dr. Millar Wilson, whose first Chinese assistant, Dr. Li Ren, has done splendid work there, especially during the period of foreign missionary evacuation (1927–28). Dr. Wilson and his wife were amongst the martyrs massacred at Taiyuan in 1900, and it was his relatives who provided funds to build a hospital in his memory. Thither, in 1907, came Dr. J. C. Carr.

A fierce battle had taken place soon before King's arrival, and here, as at Kaifeng, much time was spent in caring for wounded soldiers. It was a time of political unrest and change. Local military upstarts seized the reins of power, and followed one another in rapid succession. In a letter to his mother, King tells of the fall—a very literal fall!—of one of them.

Last Wednesday, May 8, all was well on the streets. It struck me how business houses were opening up again, and

as if the city had settled down to the even tenor of its way. That night the soldiers in several regiments, principally infantry, came out to plunder, and did a great deal of harm in the city—many shops being burned and utterly destroyed. The causes given are irregular pay and a dislike to the revolutionaries. At present some 8000 of them are in this city and suburb. Early on Thursday morning Elder Ren, who had come in for the conference to begin next day, went out to the city wall to see what was on, and was hailed by a man who had been trying to escape over the wall—with a cry of "Help! Help!". The Elder came back and we went on an ambulance expedition for nearly a mile round by the city gate to reach the poor fellow. When we reached him with our Red Cross banner carried ahead and a file of men armed with ropes, medical appliances, extemporised stretcher, and a door following behind, it turned out to be the Prefect (Governor) with a dislocated hip. (He had fallen in trying to escape over the high wall.) So we put him on the door and carried him home. There was something ludicrous in the situation withal. Picture the hospital "boy" commanding the magistrate on no account to move! He did not know at that time, of course, who the patient was. During the day others who had been injured came in. As a result of the disturbances the Bible School had to be closed and the conference postponed. All now seems quiet. *Why* we do not know, as no one can say the soldiers have repented, nor have they been punished. They seem satisfied with their work for the present, and we do not know what will happen.

But there was little anti-foreign feeling, and the hospital was crowded out. In his eagerness to be as near the Chinese as possible, King was unwilling to enjoy the comparative comfort of rooms in the Carrs' compound, and he lived very simply at the hospital, where he would always be accessible to his Chinese friends, and had food at the students' mess. He joined them in itinerations to villages on the great plain in which Pingyang city stands. For exercise he walked on the city wall (four and

a half miles in circumference), armed sometimes with paste and brush to post up tracts and invitations to the church services. Apparently such work was fruitful, for "quite a number of city people who never came near before now attend regularly. . . . Last Sunday, and every Sunday for months past, a number of men were sitting outside in the courtyard", unable to find room inside. King speaks of preaching from the city temple steps to interested audiences—an evidence of his continued progress in the language.

Mr. Albert Lutley, the missionary superintendent of C.I.M. work in the province, writes:

> I was much impressed with the facility with which Dr. King was able to accommodate himself to Chinese modes of thought and manner of life, also by his immense energy and almost unlimited capacity for work, as well as his self-forgetfulness in the service of others.
>
> To encounter a new difficulty, or an additional piece of exacting work, when he was already working up to the hilt, appeared to give him real pleasure, and it was always a keen satisfaction to him to be able to minister to those in need. I well remember one morning, when Dr. King had only been a few months at Pingyang, his unexpectedly walking into my room at Hungtung. He had heard from some source that I was unwell, and had walked twenty miles to see if he could be of service! Like his Master, Whom he loved so truly, he regarded himself as the servant of all, and in any case of need would, without hesitation, start off on several days' journey over difficult mountain roads, to help a fellow-missionary. These characteristics, together with his exceptional powers of body and mind, made him a natural leader of men, and gave him great influence over those among whom he laboured.

The summer of 1912 was a trying one. The heat at Pingyang was intense, and King—over-conscientious, perhaps—denied himself the change and rest which he

really needed. But with the cooler weather his strength returned, and all through that autumn and winter he revelled in the opportunities which came to him of work and witness.

With the spring came news that his mother was not well, and that the sister whom she had escorted to England was dying. Dr. King was full of anxiety and perplexity as to whether he ought to return home for his mother's sake. But no clear leading seemed to be given, and at length the news reached him that on July 13, some weeks after her sister's death, she had passed into the Presence of the Lord whom she had served so radiantly. To the brother and sister in China the shock was very great. King was spending a few weeks on the hills some miles from Pingyang—his first holiday for three years!—and, although no other foreigners were with him, the sympathy of the Chinese hospital students was no doubt very real.

While serving his apprenticeship at Kaifeng and Pingyang he had not forgotten the need of the Moslems of China, of whom it is estimated that about three million live in Kansu. Naturally, therefore, he welcomed the suggestion of the Mission authorities that he should proceed to Lanchow, the capital city of that far north-western province.

But it was by no means easy to leave Pingyang, where he had won the hearts of so many. Here is the story of the parting given in his own words in a letter written at Haichow, when he was already five days' journey from the place which had become "home" to him.

It was most touching to find how many of the Pingyang Christians really *cared* about my leaving them. They gave me a beautiful silk banner and scrolls, and with tearful faces quite a large number walked out with me from the hospital

premises to the south gate of the city. One old deacon said the night before, "I have just counted up, and we shall only have another eight hours with our Dr. King". (I tell you this, not, I hope, from any desire to boast, but because I think you will understand what it means to find that "He setteth the solitary in families". Such warm affection from so many to me I have never known before.) So in the early morning we gathered outside that Chinese city gate—some thirty-eight schoolboys, and more than thirty grown-up men and lads, and one led us in prayer. Then we sang a Chinese chorus:

Praises, Praises ! to Jesus the Lord,
Who gave His life for men,
Who rose again from the dead,
Praises, Praises ! to Jesus the Lord!

and parted. That morning, as I rode slowly along, my only companion the man who led the horse, my Psalm for the day happened to be the 126th, and verses 5 and 6 seemed so appropriate:

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

What a gracious promise it seemed as I went *out* into the unknown; how blessed the certainty of that "without-any-doubt come again with rejoicing"; and then how utterly gracious of our Father to say *his* sheaves! How can the sheaves be *ours*, since the seed, the soil, the sunshine, the rain, had all been *His*? But He says it. And then the thoughts of the preparation for the sowing came: how the ground has to be ploughed, and the rain to make it live, and the sun to warm it. And surely these are true types. For the graciousness of the Spirit of God must work like rain and sun. And so often He seeks to work through us, if we are ready and able to reflect His sunshine, and bring His kindness and sympathy into the dark places of the earth.

CHAPTER V

BEGINNINGS AT LANCHOW

Dr. King's companion on the first stage of the journey was a Shansi lad, named Liu Shui-lai. Some years before there had been a great stir in the village from which he came through the conversion of a notorious opium addict. What could be the power which had enabled a man who daily smoked an ounce of the drug to give it up entirely? Amongst those who became interested was a Mrs. Liu, a widow, and her little son Shui-lai learned something of the true God. With other children he ventured to test the truth of what they had heard. They visited a temple in the neighbourhood, peeped into the idols' room, and even touched the idols—an unheard-of piece of impertinence! Then they found that rain dripping from the roof had discoloured the shoulder of a chief idol, and the widow's son from that time lost all faith in idolatry. He went to a Mission School and, later, to the hospital at Pingyang.

They did not travel direct from Pingyang to Lanchow, but followed a route almost due south, for five days by cart and then for nine days by mule over the mountains and across the Yellow River, to Laohokow, where his sister Emily and his mother's sisters, the Misses Black, were at work. They were living in the same house to which George had come as an infant, less than two months old. It was there that he had lived for some

THE HOSPITAL STAFF AT PINGYANG, 1912.
George King is seen in the centre with Dr. Carr.

THE STAFF AND STUDENTS AT LANCHOW, 1923.

LANCHOW, KANSU.

years, and he enjoyed walking in the very same garden —full of flowers and fruit trees—in which he and his sister had toddled, "assiduously waited upon by two Chinese boys, who loved the children and were indeed their devoted slaves". The work which had seemed so unpromising was now prosperous, and there were a hundred girls in the school of which Emily was in charge.

After a brief visit to Shanghai with his sister, he journeyed by way of his old station Kaifeng and Sianfu in Shensi, accompanied now by Mr. Percy Mather, who was *en route* to Sinkiang (Chinese Turkestan), as well as by the Chinese boy, to Lanchow, arriving there in February, 1914.

The city which was to be Dr. King's home and sphere of service thenceforward had long been recognized as a strategic centre for medical work. For at least ten years a dispensary had been opened, and thousands of patients had been treated, but when Dr. Laycock left for furlough in 1911 no one was free to take his place. When King arrived, he found that Dr. Laycock was expected to return very shortly, and, pending the arrival of his senior missionary, he had opportunities for settling down and taking stock of the possibilities of the situation.

His letters show how eagerly he was looking forward to the work that lay ahead.

> We stand at the threshold, quivering, wondering what may be in store in the after days. Before us lie magnificent opportunities for preaching the gospel—numerous doors, many still unopened. Many difficulties confront us—lack of skilful native helpers in Kansu, need of suitable premises, and perhaps a builder, and of love and a forbearing spirit amongst ourselves, and a "wise heart".

After three months' waiting he felt it impossible to delay the reopening of the dispensary. Dr. Laycock was

unavoidably prevented from leaving Shanghai, and finally retired from the Mission in the following year owing to ill-health. The whole burden of the medical work, therefore, fell upon King, but he faced the problems with courage and prayerfulness.

In a letter which gives a clear picture of the man—his love of work, his deep interest in Moslems, his determination to conform to Chinese modes of living in order the better to win their confidence, and his generous appreciation of the help which Chinese fellow-workers can give—he writes to a friend in Edinburgh:

Dr. Laycock had hoped to come up in April, but owing to the illness of his little boy in Shanghai, coupled with the White Wolf[1] troubles, he has been delayed. It seemed unjustifiable to wait indefinitely, with the suffering constantly seeking relief, so, on the 1st of June, I "opened" hospital. The other missionary friends (the Andrews) and the Christian men of the Church came up for the opening service and we had a nice little time. On the first day there were about fifteen patients, and they have steadily increased so that yesterday we had forty-one, and there are about thirteen in-patients, including three opium smokers who want to break off the terrible habit. Some of their friends are staying here too, bringing up the number of those staying in hospital with ourselves to about thirty. Our great lack is of reliable Christian Chinese helpers. We have no evangelist, but some of the Christians come and give us a hand in preaching on out-patient days. They are four days a week, Mondays and Thursdays for men (Tuesdays and Fridays being for operations), and Wednesdays and Saturdays for women. Thus we are kept busy ("we" being Shui-lai, the Shansi lad who came with me, and a great comfort he is, and I), but the Lord is giving us health sufficient, if not over-abundant, and we pray Him for more helpers soon. A nurse has been appointed

[1] The leader of a brigand army which harried Honan, Shensi, and parts of Kansu and other provinces.

to help us, but owing to White Wolf troubles down the road has not been able to reach Lanchow yet. The extra pressure and responsibility in the absence of skilled fellow-workers or assistants is great. This need for help you will, I know, bring before our gracious Father.

Now you must have some description of Lanchow.[1] It lies in a strath about ten miles long and six miles wide, encircled by hills that rise, tier on tier, to mighty mountains behind. The valley is well watered and fertile, noted for its opium (happily not grown here this year) and tobacco. Now it is very beautiful, for the spring wheat is in the ear and trees and flowering plants abound. It was surely to such a place that Dan made his way of old—"a people that dwelt secure, far from the Sidonians". The Lanchow folk are prosperous, and money is plentiful. The city is well built, full of houses, and situated just at the west end of the plain I have tried to describe, where the hills close in the mighty Yellow River. The river is here crossed by an American iron bridge, put up by Belgian engineers, which must have cost a lot for transport. There is also a woollen factory with a good output. But do not think that owing to these "Westernisms" the people are "Westernised". On the contrary they seem among the most conservative of Chinese, though for the most part friendly to ourselves. Yet behind the friendly attitude there is, I think, a distrust of us and our message and a fear of ridicule if anyone dared to join our fellowship.

In the city is the Gospel Hall where Mr. and Mrs. Andrew, senior, and the Moores (their daughter is Mrs. Moore) live. Mr. Moore has gone a journey to far-away Tihwafu—fifty-four days away, where Mr. Hunter has worked alone for so long. There they have a boys' day school, and a street chapel. Then in the west of the city their son George Andrew and his wife live, and there I have the women's dispensary on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The men's work is at "Five Springs", a little village rather more than a mile from the city,

[1] For a fuller and deeply interesting description of work in Lanchow and in Kansu generally, see *The Call of China's Great North-West*, by Mrs. Howard Taylor. Cloth, 3s. 6d. Paper, 2s. 6d. net. *Dispatches from North-West Kansu*, by Miss M. Cable and Miss F. French. 1s. net.

and it is there that I live—a pleasant spot these summer days, though the weather here is much cooler than in the south.

This has been reckoned a "hard" place—the Christians are few, but there is much to thank God for, and we look for great days to come, with the help of you in the homelands in prayer.

In hospital I am the only foreigner, so live entirely on Chinese food, with the gatekeeper and other helpers (of whom only Shui-lai is a baptized Christian).

We have had some quite big operations, and some patients show signs of interest. In particular, one Moslem officer brought his little boy, accidentally shot through both legs. He stayed here quite a long time (coming long before hospital really opened), and for long the little fellow lay at death's door. But he pulled through, and the father took real interest in the Bible (complete) which he had bought, and seemed very friendly. But it would be very hard for him and others like him to take their stand for Jesus—unless God gives them true repentance and the New Birth and Life, I think it would be impossible.

Among our servants, too, there seems a degree of interest. Pray for them, that they may be blessed. What a joy and power it would be if we had a Christian household! It is a joyous work we are engaged in and God is very good. We have had marked answers to prayer in the restoration of three patients very seriously ill, in giving such willing helpful servants as we have, and in giving me a lad like Shui-lai whom I can trust very fully.

Shortly before King reached Lanchow, the strategic centre, as he felt it to be, for the whole province, the means for building a hospital in this city had been provided. William Borden,[1] a wealthy young American, who for some years had definitely been preparing himself for work amongst the Moslems of Kansu, died in Cairo (where he was studying Arabic and gaining insight into the whole problem of Islam) in April 1913. There could hardly be a more fitting memorial of such a life than the

[1] See *Borden of Yale, '09*. By Mrs. Howard Taylor. Price 5s. net.

building of a hospital in Lanchow, the capital city of a province where the population is nearly equally divided between Chinese and Moslems, and part of a legacy left by him to the China Inland Mission was allocated for this purpose.

Before the end of the year a good site had been secured on the northern bank of the river, opposite the city, some few minutes' walk from the bridge to which King refers in his letter just quoted. A fellow-missionary from Szechwan, Mr. G. A. Rogers, spent six months in Lanchow superintending the building work, while the doctor continued to see patients at "Five Springs". Thereafter he was left alone to oversee the completion of the buildings, and to begin to receive patients, including "wild Moslems, strange Tibetans, dusty sheepskin-clad Chinese from the hills, and sleek city merchants and scholars". One block of buildings, with its own wards, kitchens, and all other necessary conveniences, was reserved exclusively for Moslem patients, who would thus be secured against ceremonial defilement.

But while his responsibilities were thus increasing, God had brought into his life a new and wonderful joy. The Mission authorities had not been unmindful of the need of a competent staff for the new hospital, and pending the arrival of another doctor, a trained nurse, Miss Christina Shaw, who had been stationed in the adjacent province of Shensi, was transferred to Lanchow. Miss Shaw, who was an Australian, had been less than two years in China when she was asked to help in the women's hospital work at Lanchow. The journey was undertaken just at the time when "White Wolf", perhaps the most notorious brigand leader of recent Chinese history, was sweeping with his well-armed hordes through Shensi into south-eastern Kansu. One

party of them, retiring from Tsinchow, followed the very road that Miss Shaw was taking, and in a letter written at the time, she describes her experiences:

Without any warning the brigands came upon us. For nearly two days they kept coming all the time, in bands of seven or eight. They were anything but desirable company; their conversation for the greater part was recapitulating for my benefit the awful atrocities they committed at the various places they visited. They told me that they had just come from Tsinchow (a fact), but that they had burned it to the ground, both chapels burned, and hinted that the foreigners were killed. As a matter of fact, neither of the chapels had been visited, and only a small portion of the city burned, but of course I did not know that then. On several occasions they threatened to shoot me—once I thought that no power on earth could save me from being shot. I had no fear, none whatever. The Lord took away all fear of man; that fact alone saved me. A gun was held at my heart, and I was told that I would immediately be shot. I prayed the Father to help me speak, and He put His words into my mouth. So I just gave them this answer. I said, "You may shoot me, but you cannot harm me; you will harm yourself far more. As soon as you shoot me my spirit will go straight to heaven. Heaven is a happy, happy place; but if you shoot me you will be a murderer, and no murderer can enter heaven. If you don't repent, you must certainly go to hell. If you repent now God is willing to forgive all your sins. He is able to save you." Here I was interrupted, but instead of being shot, the question was asked, "Why are you not afraid? You are all alone, and I mean to shoot you." "You mistake", I said; "I am not alone; my Father is with me; I am His child, and He will not allow any harm to come nigh me." "Where is He? I can't see Him." "No," I said, "He is a Spirit; but if you were His, you would know He is here. Do you know He loves you, and if you are willing——" but I never finished. The man picked up his gun, opened the door (which he had previously bolted), and walked out. On several occasions that night and the next day the Word of the Lord was my shield. When I

felt the strain getting beyond my strength at any time, I just took up my Chinese Bible, and began to preach Christ to them. The very mention of the name of Christ seemed to make them uneasy; they would fidget awhile, and then abruptly leave.

It is needless to say, I am sure, that they relieved me of all my silver, and almost everything that was of value among my possessions. One basket of Chinese wearing apparel they did not open, so I had plenty of the necessities, and the rest my Father will supply when needed. A number of things He has already supplied. I forgot to mention that during the night I was, shall I say, honoured with a visit from "Peh Lang" (the "White Wolf") himself; he spoke a few words to me, and apologized for his men's behaviour, but he did not offer to make things any the less painful for me. Well, early the next morning we determined to get away; all the chair-bearers had fled at the first sound of trouble, so there was nothing for me to do but to leave my chair and walk. So we started off without having had anything to eat for two days and nights, except for breakfast the first morning the thieves arrived. We were unable to get anything, because the Wolf had just come along that way; the people had all fled from their homes to the hills. We were walking for two days, and all that time were only able to get food once. I had a tin of biscuits in my basket, and wondered if it were possible to boil some water. I mentioned it to my servant, but he shook his head, and said it was impossible to make a fire. I remembered I had a small wooden box in which my lamp was packed, so I instructed my servant to get it out and use it for firewood. One of them had matches. Then I hunted in my food basket, and found that there was a nice large piece of currant cake besides the biscuits, so we sat down and ate all we had; then, feeling that we were not quite so hungry, went on again. All along the way we were met by traces of the thieves' fiendish work—men, horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, lying dead by the roadside. At the end of the second day we were pleased to reach Tsinchow, and to find things here so much better than we were led to expect. Of the awful doings in this place I will not write.

I have told you all the horrible side of this experience first. I want to show you a little of the other side now. First, I want to say how I thank God for His grace and strength given to my Christian servant during this time. Mr. Chang is his name. All through those trying days he stood by me, only staying away when threatened by death, and then more on my account than his own, for he fully realized the difficulty of my position. He proved himself to be a true and faithful friend. Now, after more than a month all the horrid part of that experience has passed, but the precious experience of my Father's gracious presence, His near presence, standing by me, meeting for me every need, for weakness giving strength —that most glorious experience will never pass from me.

Such was the woman who, on February 6, 1915, became George King's wife. She proved a most capable helper, self-forgetful in her devotion to the hospital patients, and remembering always that the purpose of the hospital was not merely to manifest the love of Christ in action, but to lead men and women to a personal knowledge of Him. But above all, she was a true helpmeet to her husband. "My wife", he writes towards the end of the year, "is a constant help and cheer and loves the work and the Chinese."

The wedding had taken place at Kaifeng, where King had begun his service in China, and it was partly through his visit there at this time that God gave him another gift of incalculable worth—a trained Chinese colleague, and one whose qualities as doctor and evangelist he had already proved, namely, the Dr. Kao who had accompanied him to Pingyang three years before (see page 26) and had since been giving valuable assistance there. Kao was once more on the staff at Kaifeng, and King laid the claims of Kansu before him. Was he to settle down to medical work—yes, and Christian work—in his native province of Honan, to accept, perhaps, some

official appointment, or to sacrifice the opportunities which he had won by sheer merit and face the hardships of life in far-off Kansu? It was a call to definite missionary work, and one evening, after King had spoken to him, another Voice, more tender and more insistent, spoke so clearly that only one response was possible if he craved for God's best.

Here was a man after King's own heart. "I have now", he writes on December 16, 1915, "the help of a Chinese trained medical helper, Kao Gin-cheng, and it is good to have him, for he is a keen Christian and a good preacher —can put the gospel clearly and attractively."

And then in another fortnight the two doctors had the joy of welcoming a third—Dr. R. C. Parry, himself, like King, the son of C.I.M. parents, and an old boy of the Chefoo Schools.

"The people are coming to trust us more, medically speaking; but we are concerned to see how little spiritual progress is observable at present in the wards." So King had written earlier in the year, and obviously one reason for the lack of progress was that the staff was hopelessly inadequate. Surely now there was more prospect of a spiritual harvest. "O that we may bring sharp sickles with us", wrote King, "that we may have a share in the harvest."

Meanwhile he had begun the work by which his name will be remembered for years to come, viz. the training of medical students, twelve in number. The time not given to the study of physiology and anatomy was spent in circulating Christian literature. One of them sold more books during 1915 than any other helper in the district. "On the hottest or wettest days he is to be met in the city or, shouldering his bundle of books, trudging off to some fair in the neighbourhood." He was catching the spirit of the doctor-evangelist.

CHAPTER VI

VISION AND VENTURE

I have been asked to speak this afternoon as a representative of medical missions. In some quarters medical missions have been lauded overmuch, and not a few people who feel free to say, "I do not believe in missions", will qualify their statement with an acknowledgment of the value of medical missions. "Give us something practical", they say, "statistics of operations performed, lives saved, good-will and confidence established, sanitary and hygienic education forwarded, and achievement attained. For this *we will give our sympathy and money." But such a view is partial and shallow. (The healing art antedates Christianity, and can and does exist apart from it, even though without Christ it is dwarfed in its stature and cramped in its activities, and the converse.) We almost do well to ask ourselves if those who talk thus have any vital share in Christ at all, for the essence of missionary motive is the desire that others should receive from Christ that which we have found to be in Him—which is another way of saying that Christ can do as much, or as little, for the African, the Indian, or the Chinese, as He has done for our particular selves. "What has He done for me?" is the measure of what I can hope and expect Him to do for others.*

There are others who adopt another attitude to medical missions. They say, "The gospel needs no advertisement. Equip no elaborate hospitals. Avoid everything that attracts people from other than purely spiritual motives. What huge outlay for so little return! Preach Christ; that is sufficient!" They would imitate the Chinese worthy who refused to bait his hook when fishing. "If the fish want to be caught, they can swallow the hook as it is", he said.

But, avoiding both extremes, surely we may recognize freely

that medical work produces remarkable opportunities and openings and results among a strange and hostile people. Also that medical education and hygiene, as well as actual medical work in the wards, are among the "gifts" which we have "received" and we must therefore use them for one another's benefit, as good stewards. To withhold them would be selfish disobedience to our Lord's example and precept.

G. E. KING, 1921.

GEORGE KING lived for Kansu from 1914 onwards. The fact that a central hospital had been built at Lanchow—and the building continued all through 1916 and 1917, its supervision occupying much of the doctor's time—did not mean that his vision was narrowed down to the capital city and its environs. The Borden Hospital was the only hospital in an area of 125,483 square miles—larger than the British Isles—and it is a six weeks' journey from end to end of the province. How could one hospital possibly serve so vast an area?

Rough notes of an address which King prepared for medical missionaries show that he worked always with a definite object and using definite methods. As for the object, it was not wrapped up in words of hazy vagueness. "The objects of our work", he wrote, "are to convert sinners, to break down prejudice, and to show the fruits of Christianity. Of these the first is the greatest, though often the two latter are apparently more sucessful." The method which he proposed to use was the planting of one centralized hospital *with auxiliaries, in charge of trained men, in as many cities as possible.* Whether the trained men were Chinese or foreign missionaries, all should be willing to work in co-operation with the local churches in the rôle of "medical evangelists". It is worth noting that "medical" was to be the adjective and "evangelist" the noun—he wanted something more than doctors who happened to be

Christians. He had a vision of "the far separated cities of Kansu, each with one or two Christian Chinese doctors". He knew something of the difficulties and temptations which such men would have to face. "It would take much spirituality and persistence on their part to stand firm for Jesus, and whether this dream will ever come true, I know not."

Meanwhile, the execution of such a plan must take time, and until Chinese doctors were prepared to undertake the work, he was determined that the Hospital staff—Dr. Kao, Dr. Parry, and himself—should not be content to remain all together at Lanchow. "While many of our patients have come long distances (sometimes over 300 miles) yet the mass of such folk cannot travel so far, and we must be willing to go to them—to visit in the cities of Kansu far and near, preaching and healing —here a month and there a month." "It is rough work", he adds, "without the refinement we have in hospital, but it is necessary—to live, maybe for weeks, running a dispensary, doing minor operations and preaching. For my part, I love it."

His first long itineration in the early spring of 1916 nearly cost him his life. After visiting Titao, Fukiang, and Tsinchow (where he saw 600 patients and performed 40 operations) he met Mrs. King at Maying, a town six days' journey south-east of Lanchow. In this virgin territory, untouched by the gospel, they worked for a fortnight with two Chinese students and an evangelist, tending about 500 patients. And then thieves entered the inn one night, and Dr. King was stabbed so severely that he would certainly have lost his life had it not been that the edge of the dagger which the thief used had been bent through attempts to prize open boxes! But they had already won the hearts of the people. It was a

problem to know what to do with all the gifts of cakes and fruit and eggs which they had received, and as they began the journey home, with King carried on a stretcher, some two hundred men, grateful for the medical help given to them or to their relatives, accompanied the cavalcade for nearly a mile from the town. Several were in tears as they bade Dr. and Mrs. King farewell and said, "We will pray to Jesus to heal the doctor".

The other members of the staff were equally busy. Mr. Kao went south to Taochow on the Tibetan border, hoping to learn something of the prospects for Tibetan work, and then went to Kweiteh and Sining, on the boundaries of Koko-nor, while Dr. Parry did most valuable work at Taochow, where an outbreak of pneumonic plague had occurred, and earned the warmest thanks of the officials and gentry by the success of the methods which he adopted for stamping out the dread disease.

It is impossible to tell in detail of all the long itinerations taken by Dr. King during this and succeeding years. Sometimes it was possible to make a return trip as in 1918, when he went again to Maying, where he had so nearly lost his life. The people had not forgotten him, and were unusually warm in expressing their welcome. "Many of these stolid Kansu merchants, who usually stare straight at us without blinking, put up their hands and gave us a bow. We are so glad. Oh, to see some of them saved!" With the help of two Chinese medical students he performed a large number of operations, receiving eighteen in-patients in the inn where he was lodging!

Everywhere the greatness of the need impressed itself upon him.

> Not far from here we passed a market where there used to be 300 families. Then the awful Moslem rebellion came, and

all but eight were wiped out. This kind of thing one meets with all through central Kansu, and the land is only slowly recovering.

This "hsien" is a very large one—has an area of between 300 and 400 square miles and a population of about 200,000. It is very Chinese and very countrified, and so far from any Mission station that it is seldom visited—and in this part there are many "hsien" worse off.

A raft journey down the Yellow River to Ningsia in company with Mrs. Botham and her son Mark, in 1918, took him past Chungwei.

On Wednesday morning Mark and I went by skin raft on the top of a load of coal to Chungwei and there we had some dinner in an inn, and went to the city to look for some acquaintances. We found two Christians—one a Tsinchow man —the other a Szechwan man, settled here and baptized in Peking. They seem nice fellows, but not quite the sort to work up much interest among outsiders. Later an old patient came with a present of eight hens—so picture them, if you please, standing on the logs or by preference on the oars, even when the men are pulling them. Next day found us still at Chungwei—the raftsmen were busy with the sale of lily bulbs that kept them till eleven in the forenoon, when we started. We had spent the time at the village on shore preaching, and had a good time. Mrs. Botham had a very interesting time with a large group of women. They say nine out of every ten women in Chungwei take opium. Mrs. Botham is a keen worker. It is good to see her willing to take this long and (for her) difficult journey for the gospel's sake.

Nov. 4. Yesterday was Sunday and bitterly cold, with a little snow and much north wind. In the forenoon I went to see two sick people and then we had dinner and our little English service. Then the three of us went ashore to the houses of two other sick folks and saw them, and had some preaching.

The people in these parts are much more earnest and re-

ligious than in Lanchow. Many are Buddhists and chant and fast. Surely this is a promising field to work.[1]

Ningsia is one of the most isolated stations in all China, yet it is "the centre of a very populous plain with eight county towns and a great number of villages". An elderly lady missionary was alone there when King arrived, and again he presses home the lesson—"Surely Kansu is far too much forgotten in the distribution of the Bread". His letters show something of the heavy strain that an itinerant "medical evangelist" must undergo.

Nov. 12. This morning we had some patients, one being an operation (under cocaine only) for the removal of a big fatty tumour from the back of a man's neck. He refused chloroform and it must have hurt a lot, but he was very good. It is operating under difficulties with neither facilities nor helpers.

Nov. 13. This morning we saw quite a number of patients and after lunch went to see the Moslem General Ma Fuh-siang, who welcomed us with open arms. . . .

Nov. 27. We have had a rather easier day than yesterday and I am so glad, for yesterday I was at it straight on from 7.30 A.M. to 4.30 P.M. with only a brief rest for breakfast and another for dinner. We had only two eye operations to-day and expect two to-morrow, but there are over twenty patients (operation cases) to dress daily in addition to any others who came to be treated as well. We had six operations yesterday. The people are loth to let me go and want us to come back soon. Oh, that some may now get saved! So much of the result of our medical work in these cities depends on the local workers and the after-work done.

Dec. 1. It is Sunday evening. I had the morning service to take and then about an hour after the service preaching to outsiders—they listened well and it is always easy to

[1] More than ten years later (1929) Chungwei was opened as a central station. Such interest was aroused that within six months over two hundred people gave in their names as enquirers. But in July the missionary in charge was stricken with typhus and passed away. Chungwei continues to be "a promising field to work".

preach if they do that—or at least *easier*—is it not? I read the first chapter of Ecclesiastes to-day. How true it is that without Him all is utterly aimless and fruitless and empty —but with Him—*really* with Him, all is radiant. "Make Jesus King."

Meanwhile the central hospital was not neglected. On April 9, 1918, the fifth anniversary of William Borden's death, it was formally opened by the Governor of the Province. All the leading officials were present, and as one of the main purposes in building the hospital was to reach the Moslems, invitations were sent to the leading "ahongs" of each of the thirteen mosques in the city. Representatives attended from most of them, each party bringing a present of cakes. King and Botham afterwards paid return calls to these mosques, and were received in a very friendly way. Thus important contacts were established.

But in his personal life King had been passing through a time of fiery trial. Soon after the birth of their first child (Mary Fern) in 1916, his wife had to undergo a severe operation, and early in 1918, following the birth of Raymond, she developed influenza and pneumonia, and died on January 27.

The succeeding months were difficult indeed, though fellow-missionaries did all that was possible for the two motherless children. At one time it seemed best that the little ones should be sent to their grandparents in Australia.

But God had prepared some better thing. After visiting Ningsia, King continued his journey on land[1] through Shensi and Shansi to Peking and thence to

[1] His companion was a Chinese doctor who had shown an interest in the gospel since before the Boxer rising in 1900. He willingly agreed to read a few verses from the Bible with Dr. King each evening of the journey, and his interest was so stimulated that in the following year he accompanied Mr. Mark Botham on one of his itinerations, and helped in the distribution and sale of tracts and Scripture portions.

Chefoo, where he stayed for a few days with his sister Emily before proceeding to Shanghai. Here on January 22, 1919, he married Miss Ivy Ethel Wallis. Miss Wallis had been trained at the Burnbank Missionary Training Home in Glasgow, and had had some experience both in teaching and nursing before she sailed for China in 1912. Since then she had spent some happy years at Shekichen in Honan, helping especially in dispensary work, and watching the church double its membership in six years.

The wedding at the C.I.M., Shanghai, and the honeymoon at Chinkiang were the beginning of a very happy married life. For eight years Mrs. King was a true helpmeet, and the two motherless little ones found their heart-need met in her tender care.

A letter of May 16 describing the journey speaks also, for the first time, of Hochow.

We left Hankow on February 3, and got on to the road on the Wednesday following at Kuanyintang. From there to Lanchow it is 25 days' journey, and we had to pass through the troubled province of Shensi where robbers abound. Besides Ivy and myself, there were four new workers under our care—three ladies and one gentleman—coming up to Kansu. It was not quite without risk, but by the kindness of God we were brought through in safety and reached Lanchow on March 6. We found the children well, and got to work to fix up the house and so on. Besides, the spring and early summer is the time when patients are most numerous, and of course I took my share of seeing patients, etc., with Dr. Parry. During the month of May, a large fair is held at "Five Springs" —two miles south of the city, where our hospital used to be —and we took turns to go there and preach. The fair originates in what is called Buddha's washing—washing by rain, for the rains should fall by that time—but this year the rains failed to come at that time, and the weather was very hot. Some rain has now fallen, though not yet sufficient, and the weather is much more easy to stand than it was.

Yesterday we had the pleasure of receiving Mrs. Botham, who has been a missionary for over 30 years, and her son, also a missionary, into our home. They have been staying in the remote station of Ningsia for the past six months, and have now just returned to Lanchow. Mr. Botham is very interested in the Moslem work and now we have hopes of being able to establish a preaching-place in Hochow—two days' journey from here—which is called sometimes the "Mecca" of Chinese Moslems. It is not certain that funds and workers will be sufficient to undertake this new departure, but please pray about it at times.

Now this was by no means the first time that the plan to establish a preaching-place in Hochow had suggested itself to Dr. King. Before ever he went to Lanchow he had asked a veteran missionary, Mr. G. F. Easton, to advise him as to the best centre for Moslem work in Kansu. Mr. Easton's reply was that if he wished to reach the scattered Mohammedan population throughout the province, Lanchow. was doubtless the best geographical centre; but for work amongst a local Moslem population Hochow was the obvious place to choose. And now, five years later, the opportunity had come to visit Hochow, and he welcomed it all the more because the Lanchow Hospital was not reaching as many Moslems as he had hoped. "Here in hospital", he writes, "we have some fine opportunities, and yearly the work extends and opens up among the Chinese, though the Moslem work does not seem to progress."

So before leaving for his well-earned furlough in the autumn of 1920—after ten full years in China—he made two trips to Hochow in company with Mr. Mark Botham. He thus describes the journey:

Two and a half days' journey to the south-west of Lanchow lies the city of Hochow, that great Moslem centre of

Kansu. The journey is over a mountainous road, and is full of interest to the traveller, besides presenting some beautiful scenery. The first day the strath in which is the city of Lanchow is left behind, and the traveller climbs up and up the Dzien Shan (Pointed Mountain), one of the highest points near Lanchow. From the summit a very steep incline is made into another vale. After travelling some distance along this vale, one comes to the swiftly flowing Tao River. Who would wish to cross a river with horses, mules, and donkeys? All must be coaxed, or beaten, or pulled bodily up on to the boat, which is worked by a wire rope. Here they are all huddled together—muleteers, animals, travellers! But the other side of the river brings you to the wayside inn; it may be small, but here is shelter, rest, and food.

The second day, while the morning is still young, the steep ascent of Niu Hsing Shan (the cow-shaped hill) must be made. From the top the traveller looks down into the beautiful vale, the swiftly flowing river, the pretty little village, the numerous trees—a beautiful sight indeed! Reaching the summit of the hill the road winds along the ridge for some 60 *li*.[1] Many little hamlets and villages are dotted over this mountainous country, peopled with some most interesting Moslems. These are known as the Tunghsiang Hwei Hwei (East Country Moslems), and are of Tartar origin. Though many of them understand some Chinese, among themselves they speak a Tartar language. The country in which these interesting people live covers about 100 *li* by 200 *li*, in which there are perhaps 200,000 Moslems.

Descending again one comes in sight of Hochow. It is one of the most beautiful of Kansu cities. Nestling among the hills, with the great Tibetan mountains, covered with snow, in the distance, it presents a most picturesque view to the traveller. The city itself is planted with numerous trees and is well watered. Here one may compare Chinese and Moslem life, for the city is Chinese, while the southern suburb is Moslem. In this Moslem section there are some 30,000 people; it is the busiest and most populous part of Hochow; all the best shops and markets are also here.

[1] A *li* is about one-third of an English mile.

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL

The first visit was interrupted in two ways. First, King was summoned away to attend a fellow-missionary stricken with typhoid on the other side of the province; and then Botham was called back to undertake school and station work at Lanchow. But enquiries were made about the possibility of renting premises in the busy Moslem quarter outside the south gate of the city,[1] and a house had actually been secured before the visit ended so abruptly. During the second visit, as the house was still in a bad state of disrepair, the two men hired a large room in a Moslem inn, and lectures were given every evening (admission being by ticket to prevent overcrowding!), while in the mornings King saw large numbers of patients. The subjects of the lectures had been carefully chosen, beginning with Adam, Noah, Abraham, David—all reverenced by Moslems as holy men—and leading up to the life, death, resurrection, and return of Christ. The result was interesting, even exciting. King thus describes the lecture on "Noah":

The crowd at the door was large and unruly, and Mark worked like a Trojan to keep them back, while ticket-holders were being admitted. Then the gate was closed, but as some continued to hammer on it in spite of all remonstrances and the great indignation and perturbation of the innkeeper, something more radical seemed needed, and a syringe squirting water was found useful. The innkeeper implores us to have no more lectures here. Then, in the room, the audience listened respectfully enough till Deh-fuh[2] had finished, and then were very anxious to ask questions, so Mark allowed

[1] Moslems were not permitted to live within the city, but in the Moslem suburb outside there were as many as fourteen mosques, some of them accommodating 700 worshippers.

[2] Siao Deh-fuh was a medical student from Hanchung in Shensi. After graduation he returned to Hanchung, and established a Christian hospital there. He is a deacon of the Church, and frequently leads the services. In fact, he fulfils in every way Dr. King's ideal of a medical evangelist.

them a quarter of an hour—the question and answer to alternate, and no one to speak for over two minutes at a time. But a large part of the audience was out for a frolic, and the discussion would be interrupted every little while by an outburst of applause when they thought, rightly or wrongly, that their champion was scoring a point. When the time was up, they did not scatter, and one fiery fellow, I am told, took up stones, but there was no actual disturbance. Still we feel for the innkeeper's sake we cannot have more discussions here, and probably will have to lecture on the street in future instead!

The lectures continued more peacefully in the open air, and in spite of snow and a cutting wind, between one and two hundred Moslems were ready to listen night after night, sometimes for more than an hour. But the owner of the rented house, scared by the opposition of the ahongs, backed out of the agreement and returned the money. Under such difficulties was Moslem work begun. A piece of land was secured just before the Kings left for furlough, but five years elapsed from the date of their first visit before the branch hospital, of which they had dreamed, and for which they had prayed, was finally opened.

But at Christmas, 1919, a great event—which made furlough possible—had taken place, viz. the graduation of the first batch of Chinese medical students. He had given them of his best, for practically all the lecturing had fallen on him, and his home and his heart were open to them always.

He ate with them, played with them (though he himself was not particularly good at games), trusted them implicitly. To this day they remember him with the most profound respect and love. They tell of the way in which he bore with their failings and understood them as few foreigners do. He knew how to avoid taking their

"face". In spite of his strong personality and administrative ability—they say he managed everything, besides the care of the patients and six hours' lectures a day!—he knew how to use and develop the capabilities of his students. Some of them are still doing him credit, and following in his steps as medical evangelists.[1]

[1] Of the nine students who graduated four are now dead. One is a doctor in Marshal Feng's army, and the other four are working in Kansu, Shensi, and Shansi. Their hospitals are centres of spiritual light.

CHAPTER VII

IN FULL CAREER

Early one Sunday morning we climbed to a hill-top overlooking the fertile Lanchow valley. It was too early for the services of the day, and the scene was very beautiful. The city lay indistinct in the morning haze, with the snowy mountains behind it. The sun, not long risen, made the river glisten like a silver band. Far and near could be seen hamlets and villages. Within a narrow compass of where we stood, half a million people have their homes, and over the hill crests, to north and south, to east and west, lie the homes of the ten million or more that call Kansu their native province. Behind us, to the north, is wide-stretching Mongolia. There to the north-west runs the great old road to Turkestan, and Persia, and Europe, along which the gospel is spreading now like a prairie fire, from the living Church in Kanchow. To the west is our sweet summer home at Rest Well, embosomed in thickets. To the south-west is Mohammedan Hochow, to which our hearts go out with longing and hope. Beyond it is Tibet, while to the south and east are many little centres of light set in the darkness that does not "master" it.

Above all things we need your prayers, that all the work may be fruitful, and Jesus reign in every part of this great, dark, hungry land. G. E. KING, 1925.

FURLOUGH was a refreshing time, though with little recreation except such as a change of work and scene is said to afford. In addition to deputation work, King took post-graduate classes at Edinburgh, did two "locums", and studied Arabic and Chinese—the latter at the London School of Oriental Studies.

Finally, with a family of four children, the eldest not quite six years old, and the baby only nine months, Dr. and Mrs. King began the long return journey from London on July 26, 1922, arriving at Lanchow on November 1. *En route* they were joined by Dr. Liu Shui-lai, who as a lad had gone up to Lanchow with Dr. King eight years before. He had now graduated at Tsinan, and was definitely joining the Lanchow Hospital staff. At Sian, the capital of Shensi, they met Dr. and Mrs. Parry and their family. Dr. Parry had been carrying on the work during King's absence, but was now himself due for furlough. The disastrous earthquake of December, 1921, in which whole cities were destroyed and some hundreds of thousands of people are said to have lost their lives, had given great opportunities of public service, but had made the work doubly strenuous in his colleague's absence.

It was necessary, therefore, for King to take up the burden of the work alone, as far as foreign aid was concerned. But with the help of Dr. Liu and Dr. Wu (one of the first Lanchow graduates, whose wife was head-nurse), he immediately made preparations to receive another class of medical students, and fourteen began their course early in 1923.

King was a man of very varied interests and dominating personality. During the last four busy years of his life he spent much time in assisting the development of the Chinese Church in Lanchow, in direct evangelistic work, and in many other activities. But against a background of political disturbance, civil war, fear of Moslem revolts, threatened famine, material progress in the building of roads and the installation of electricity, and an ever-growing spirit of nationalism which in some degree assumed an anti-Christian form, we see him

planning, working, and achieving some success in three enterprises which were especially near his heart.

The first was the training of Chinese medical evangelists, to which reference has just been made. "They all have the opportunity and, we hope, the ambition to become healers of bodies and souls", says King during the first year of their training. A year later he was much encouraged by the good work they were doing. Early in January, 1925, a party of them went with Dr. Liu to the newly opened station of Pingfan for street-preaching and medical work, and letters written later in the same year speak of "the earnest spirit of many of our helpers in praying for and seeking the salvation of the lost. . . . When going round the wards we often find some of them engaged in serious converse with the patients."

Meanwhile the work of some of the earlier students and helpers continued to give cause for praise. There was Dr. Kao, King's first colleague at Lanchow, laying deep the foundation of an indigenous church at Kanchow and beyond. Dr. King paid him a visit early in 1925. It was a strenuous thirteen days' journey over high snow-covered passes, swept by piercing winds, but the toil of the journey was forgotten as he saw his heart's desire thus being fulfilled in yet another medical evangelist spreading the Light so far afield. Then, in addition to Dr. Wu, "sincere, practical, a capable surgeon and administrator, and a winner of souls," in the hospital itself there was also Dr. Beh. After working for some time at Liangchow, he had now returned to take charge of the city dispensary. The need of a "sorting station" within the city (the Borden Hospital being on the other side of the river), where cases could be diagnosed and important ones sent on to the hospital, had long been felt. The Governor and business men of the

city, greatly impressed by an inspection of the hospital—they were allowed to watch operations in the theatre, the washing out of a dilated stomach, the circulation of the blood through a tadpole's tail, surgical dressings, dispensings, etc.!—made large gifts for the purchase of premises in the heart of the city, and at length, in 1925, Dr. and Mrs. Beh, both earnest, steady Christians, were installed there. "He is one willing to take his share in suffering hardship", writes Dr. King. "One Christmas time, when out with others on a preaching tour, his companions were grumbling at not being able to return home for Christmas, and instead to have the discomforts of a Chinese inn—rough, dirty, and draughty—at that glad season. Beh replied to them in a short, pithy question—'Where was our Lord Jesus on that first Christmas Day?' Oh for more who will labour and suffer and witness for Christ as these young men are doing!"

The second important enterprise was the building of a branch hospital at Hochow.* A reference to King's prayer-list shows that amongst special petitions remembered daily at the throne of grace was "the Moslem world and its evangelization" and under this heading two sentences, viz. "Hochow and the right workers", and "that God will raise up a holy church in every Moslem land". And these Moslem lands—beginning with Arabia and North Africa and passing through Egypt, Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, Iraq, Afghanistan, India, and Russian Central Asia to Java and China—were tabulated for regular prayer on Fridays also. His first circular letter on return from furlough asks for prayer for "the projected Moslem Dispensary at Hochow", and plans for the building were well under way in the summer of 1923. By the next summer the buildings, including living rooms, wards, chapel, and operating room, were

THE HOCHOW HOSPITAL IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, 1924.

THE RUINS OF THE HOCHOW HOSPITAL, 1928.

all erected and waiting for the provision of "the greatest need of all, the God-sent workers with the love for Moslems, to take up permanent residence there". All through 1925 a daily prayer meeting was held that this special need might be met, and although at first no suitable missionary was forthcoming, God laid the need of Hochow as a burden on the heart of the senior Chinese evangelist, Mr. Hsien, a man "aflame with zeal for God, and willing to suffer much hardship for the sake of the Name". The branch hospital was actually opened by Dr. King in the autumn of 1924, and during the first fortnight of its existence 14 major and 20 minor operations were performed, and 260 patients were treated. During this and subsequent visits the doctors were warmly received by the Moslems. Doubtless as a result of their own prayers for labourers, the hearts of many of the staff and students were stirred to definite effort, and a large party set out with Dr. King in the autumn of 1925, including six students, "three to help in the medical work, and three to itinerate in the country with Mr. Hsien and help him in the preaching. . . . We had two months of solid profitable work. Patients were numerous. . . . Many heard the gospel for the first time, and several Moslems as well as some Chinese signified their faith in the Lord Jesus."

At length the God-sent workers were provided in Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Harris, who had already given one period of service to the work of reaching Chinese Moslems, and who on their return from furlough recognized that Hochow was a strategic position which must be occupied immediately. The beginning of 1926 saw them installed there, and all the doctors visited the new hospital in turns for longer or shorter periods, while Mr. Hsien continued his Moslem work both there and at

Lanchow. "It is wonderful", writes King, "to see this Chinese so filled with love for the Moslems, and understanding of their way." Small wonder that two or three Moslem families turned to the Lord as a result.

The third of these special enterprises which God so signally blessed was the Leper Home at Lanchow. There are thousands of lepers in Western Kansu, and nothing whatever was being done for them. From a very small beginning in 1923—with only two patients—the Home gradually grew, and, with the help of the Mission to Lepers, special buildings were erected which in 1926 were accommodating thirty-eight lepers of at least five races—Chinese, Moslem, Turki, Tibetan, and Tartar! Not only did many of them improve under treatment, but their hearts were opened to receive the message of God's love of which they heard in the daily services, and which they saw exemplified in the lives of His children. "The other day", King writes, "I was singing with them, and could not but mark how fervently their husky, leprous throats sang to the glory of God:

> Jesus loves me, this I know,
> For the Bible tells me so."

The baptism of five lepers, one Moslem and the others Chinese, in the Yellow River, was a moving ceremony. "Never, I suppose, before in the whole length of this great stream has such a sight been seen as lepers being baptized in the Name of Jesus." Amongst the enquirers were two Tibetan priests.

But the building of a small Home in Lanchow did not exhaust King's plans for the lepers of Kansu. The provincial authorities were so interested in his work that they were prepared to offer him a valley about a mile and a half deep and three-quarters of a mile wide, on the lower slopes of the Tibetan mountains, twenty miles

beyond Hochow, in the district where leprosy is most prevalent, for the establishment of a Leper Colony. The Home at Lanchow was to be a receiving station, but he hoped that gradually two hundred or more lepers would settle in the Colony. "In the valley", he says, "the lepers would have *room*, and *work* to do similar to their home circumstances. Some could cook, others tend the goats or cows, cut timber, build houses (under supervision) for themselves, spin, sew, knit, and plough, sow, reap, thresh, etc. . . . There would be room for practically endless expansion, and the conditions of living should be such as to attract lepers from their homes at an early and curable stage, thus lessening the infection of others." In addition to a medical officer there would be a superintendent missionary or Chinese evangelist, and thus the message of heart-cleansing through the Blood of Jesus would reach increasing numbers of sufferers. "Such are our dreams. Will they materialize?" King's early death and the upheaval in China have so far made this advance impossible.

Meanwhile the ordinary work of the Hospital was not neglected. Often in the spring all the 120 beds were occupied. In one year there were as many as fifty Tibetan patients. As the years went by evidence was continually multiplying that suspicion was being allayed and prejudices removed. Nor were definite results wanting. Thus in one half-year seventy-six patients enrolled themselves as enquirers. In another year the majority of the men and women baptized at Lanchow had become interested in the gospel through their stay in Hospital. The following "fragments of stories", as King called them, will serve to illustrate the greatness of the need, and the opportunity which medical work affords to a keen evangelist.

Patients sometimes bring a friend or retainer to wait on them. One day two soldier patients came and brought with them a lame, wizened little old man. In process of time they left hospital, but the old man stayed to help other patients, first this one, then that one. Everybody liked him. He was industrious, honest, quiet, Finally we felt he was too great a treasure to be lightly lost to the ward. So "Grandfather King" (as his name Wang-ye means) has become a regular member of the staff—a sort of wardmaid par excellence. He is not yet clearly converted.

Another old man, at the point of death, lying in rags in a cave in the fields in winter, cast out by his landlord to die. To die in the house would mean bad luck and expense. He was welcomed here in the free ward, slowly nursed back to health, and stayed some months to help other patients. Then an urgent message came from his home, sixty miles away, and he left us for that district where there are no Christians. Will he remember, or will he forget?

One of the cleanest and most beautiful homes in Lanchow. Brightly polished furniture, valuable vases, servants in livery. In the room a Buddha, with incense in the brazier before him, sits supreme in the centre. On the bed, behind curtains, lies a young man in the prime of life in great pain. He is one of the ablest of Kansu's scholars, and holds the degree of the Hanlin Academy, Peking—perhaps the most prized scholastic attainment in China. He is now a high official in his native province. He takes opium, but it does not relieve his agony. A simple operation, done in his home, and he is well in a few days. His soul is as precious, his spiritual need as urgent, his power for weal or ill much greater than those mentioned. He is our friend now for life. Will he be Christ's friend or not?

Three months' journey they had come, a little party of Tibetans from a monastery not many days distant from Lhasa itself, lured all the way by the report that lepers can be treated with hope of cure. Their leader was an advanced

case of leprosy, and his poor disfigured face and feet were clear evidence of the fell disease. He was quite willing to go to the leper home, where he shares a room with another Tibetan priest. Though from so far a distance, his friends will keep in touch with him. If he is cured and saved, a little light in the heart of Tibet will be kindled for Christ.

A burly countryman whose trouble is a moth flying about inside him, now in his stomach, now in his chest, now in his head. He can feel it quite well, he says, and neighbours are there to corroborate the fact that as his sister's coffin was lowered into the grave a month before, a ghostly moth could be seen to pass from it into his mouth. It is all true and vivid and immensely important to him, for he is persuaded the moth will kill him in less than a hundred days, and he can do no work, nor think of anything else. Can we expel it? No, we cannot, for of course it is not there. But we can reason with him and encourage him, and turn him from his fears. Now he is well again, and some of his neighbours are interested in the gospel—the message that delivered *us* from all our *fears*.

A lad of twelve lying in a ditch. A former Mission school-boy, though not a Christian, takes pity on him (for his thigh is broken from a fall over a wall), and sends him to us on a door, and pays 30s. for his board and attention for some weeks. He gets well, and his family put away their idols. But bad habits hold the little street-arabs in Lanchow, as at home. Gambling for sweets (sweet vendors carry dice or some other method of appealing to chance for "free" sweet-meats on the part of their youthful customers!) and swearing, stealing, and lying habits find an adept pupil in "The Light of Spring"—such is our little friend's high-sounding name. Hospital locks and towels and stove covers began to disappear mysteriously, and "The Light of Spring" was found to be the culprit. He confessed at last, and still comes to services, rather chastened-looking. Has the light of the morning come to him, or is it the sham brightening of self-imposed reformation?

One day the wife of the Postal Commissioner sent over to Hospital a refined-looking little blind woman with a wee daughter called "Little Puppy", and the sum of $20 to pay Hospital expenses for the little girl. This little woman was a widow living in the "Home for Chaste Widows"—*i.e.* widows who do not marry again!—supported by Government officials. Each widow is given a room with a small amount of money monthly; she is allowed to have young children with her, who also each get a tiny allowance. Children beyond the age of thirteen or so would be expected to work. They stayed with us, the little girl being treated; while improvement was real, yet she did not become quite healed at once, so after some months they both returned to us. In the interval, however, little Mrs. Djang had evidenced a desire for spiritual things; she had attended services regularly and seemed anxious to learn the gospel. On their return, she was operated on successfully for cataract, and "Little Puppy" operated on also, dead bone being taken from her nose. What a happy pair they are now!

January, 1926, was memorable not only for the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, but also for the strengthening of the hospital staff through the coming of Dr. Leighton P. Rand, a recruit from America, who for more than ten years had looked forward to the calling of a medical missionary in China as his life-work. He was a man after King's own heart, buoyant, energetic, and a lover of souls, as his frequent use of a specially coined adjective—"medico-evangelistic"—abundantly shows. Never before had the work been so well staffed, with four doctors at the hospital, and one at the city dispensary. How bright seemed the prospects for Hochow, for the Leper Colony, for the wider work of itineration, as well as for the base at Lanchow!

CHAPTER VIII

THE MAN HIMSELF

A MAN'S achievements do not always reveal his character, and the story of what George King did and of what he attempted to do in Lanchow, does not altogether show what manner of man he was.

It is not possible here to enter into the sacred intimacies of his home life. In one sense it was a very public home life, for he lived for the Chinese and held back nothing from them. But it was radiantly happy, and God gave him in all eight little ones. Two of these reached Home even before their father—"in the sorrow", he says, "came the thought that we who love to have buds as well as full blown flowers about us, should not grudge these buds to adorn the Home on high"—and one was born after his death. But they were a large household, and apart from the death of little Star in the summer of 1924, the first break did not come till October, 1925, when it was felt that Fern and Raymond, aged respectively nine and nearly eight years old, should be dispatched to school at Chefoo. On a big bullock-skin raft they started on their journey down the Yellow River, under the escort of experienced missionaries. King himself saw them safely through the rapids, and then hurried back by bicycle, pushing, riding, and carrying it, until he reached the Hospital about 9 P.M.,

just as Mrs. King was settling in to a very lonely night.

Reference has already been made to his exceptional gifts—consecrated utterly to his Master's service. He combined intellectual power with executive ability to an unusual degree, but he would never have accomplished so much had he not been also a man of tireless industry. Fellow-missionaries found him full of sympathy and readiness to help, but his day was so full—operations, classes for the Chinese medical students, visiting outside patients, evangelistic work, business work—that he seemed to be "on the go" from morning till night, and it was difficult to secure an interview with him. Yet all who knew him bear testimony to his kindly sympathy. His smile and his cheery voice were a tonic in themselves.

It was surely not only his remarkable fluency in the language, but also the love of Christ constraining him that gave him such an insight into the Chinese mind and such sympathetic understanding of individual Chinese. And in all the rush of his daily activities he never forgot the one great objective—the salvation of souls.

No medical missionary's work could have had a more pronounced evangelistic aim than Dr. King's. Not many even non-medical missionaries spend more time than he did in direct preaching of the gospel—in preaching-halls, in the villages, and by the wayside.

Mr. J. H. Burton gives three graphic pictures which illustrate his energy and kindliness, as well as his astonishing ability.

The first scene is the operating theatre of Lanchow hospital. On the table is stretched a patient, undergoing a deli-

cate operation, and around him stand nurses and students. I, as an outsider having my first experience of this kind of work, am almost overwhelmed with the importance of the occasion, realizing what issues of life and death hang on the fraction of an inch, and wondering how surgeons endure the strain of this great responsibility.

The excision is made, the knife laid down, and nurses get busy with their binding up. Then calmly, without a trace of strain or anxiety, comes the voice of the Doctor, detailing plans for a little birthday expedition with some children that afternoon.

Half-way through a tiring morning's work, even while still removing the traces of the last operation and making swift preparations for the next, either of which would test the nerve of many of us, his mind is busy, not on his own fatigue, but on the apparently trifling matter of bringing some extra joy to a few small children. How typical!

The second scene is the family dining-room. Two of us have tried to get away from the city, but the military have commandeered our raft. All animals have long since disappeared from the roads; transport by land or water seems impossible. What is to be done? Why, ask Dr. King, of course. Hence this scene:

We all sit at dinner, family and guests. In one corner squats a Moslem raftsman, in another, a countryman, owner of certain donkeys which the army has not yet taken, while at the back door is a man haggling over the price of grain. In the midst of this confusion, enough to addle the brains of the rest of us, sits the Doctor, unflurried, clear-minded, eating his dinner, "talking prices", making plans whereby, at a given time, the donkeys carrying our boxes shall meet the man inflating his goatskin raft at a point on the river remote from the attentions of the soldiers, and at the same time settling the routine matter of the corn supply. Surely he is some kind of super-magician who can produce donkeys and rafts, apparently from nowhere, and do it without worry or fuss in the midst of the daily round.

Last scene of all, vivid as last meetings generally are.

A string of laden donkeys stands in the road before a

temple, not far from the hospital gates. In front is a blustering, self-important sergeant of the "People's Army", demanding in curt tones that the boxes, but a few minutes before bound on the pack-frames with such weighing, balancing and voluble protests, should now be unroped and opened for his personal inspection and the gratification of his patriotic desire to bait the foreigner. The demand is preposterous and is resisted, but the patriot understands little of the foreigner's dialect, nor does the latter understand more of his Shantung speech. There is a complete deadlock, the donkeys grow restive, and the situation is getting out of hand. What can be done? Ask Dr. King to come along, of course.

So the Doctor arrives on his bicycle; a few words, a card, a salute from the sergeant, and the caravan is allowed to pass. The boxes have not been unroped, the patriot is satisfied, and the Doctor stands waving his farewells.

We have not to go far to learn the secret of the life he lived. It is all contained within the covers of a worn little memorandum book which he left amongst his papers. The first pages contain a somewhat scrappy diary of the early months of 1925, including his visit to Kanchow, and are mainly interesting for the brief notes of his addresses to the Chinese Christians there. But thereafter the book is used as a prayer list, and here we are on holy ground, for as a man prays, so is he. First there are lists of subjects for daily prayer, such as

To keep my temper, and be gentle to all.
To have more concern for souls, and spend time leading them to Christ.
To be more considerate to all.
To be given wisdom in our words and ways in China now.

Then there follow special subjects for each day of the week. "That all may serve the one end" is the first peti-

tion under "The Hospital", and the words are a window into his inmost soul. But he prayed not only for the hospital, but for the local church, for the Boys' School, for the city work, for scores of Christians, as well as for all the members of the hospital staff, by name.

But most interesting—and most sacred—of all is a prayer diary kept from July 1925 to May 1927. The petitions range over all manner of subjects, and space is left after each petition for the date of the answer to be filled in alongside.

We print almost at random a few of the most "commonplace" entries.

July 30.	For the money needed for the Hospital at this time.	Sept. 1. Received $1000.
Sept. 12.	For a raft to be prepared for us [*i.e.* for the children's journey to Chefoo].	Sept. 17. Settled.
,, 16.	That these thefts may stop.	Sept. 18. Found out the culprit.
Dec. 17.	[At Hochow.] *Re* date and animals, etc., for journey back, and weather.	Dec. 28. O.K. Praise God!
1926.		
April 17.	That Dz Dan may be brought to a more reasonable and accommodating attitude.	May 1. He is much better.
May 2.	That a helpful, happy spirit may be more manifest among the students.	May 10. This prayer is heard.
June 7.	That no harm may result from the wrong medicine sent to Sining.	June 13. No harm done.
Aug. 23.	That the economies to be made may be made happily and cause no bad feeling.	Sept. 30. All seems well, even B——.

Sept. 24.	*Re* Dr. Kao's project. That he and we may be rightly led and God's will done.	Sept. 29. The difficulty settled.
1927.		
Feb. 10.	Guidance as to arrangements for the patients' food, drink, bedding, light.	Feb. —. New plan works.

Needless to say, the Moslem work at Hochow, which was so much on his heart, is often mentioned in his prayers. There is a pathetic interest, too, in the first entry given below, in view of Dr. Wu's recent murder (see page 94).

1926.		
May 29.	That good arrangements to carry on the Hochow work may be made, and Dr. Wu preserved for the *best* plans of God.	May 31. Drs. Beh and Rand to Hochow, and Wu in city. All seem happy thus.
June 24.	That Dr. Beh may be willing to remain in Hochow for a time.	July 8. He returned, but Dr. Liu gone. *It is better so.*

There are some prayers not marked as answered—perhaps still waiting to be answered.

1926.	
Mar. 31.	A work of grace in Lanchow. 3000—or more!
Dec. 1.	That workers may be raised up for the Tungsiang Moslems.
Dec. 16.	That the church of God in Lanchow may be directed into the love of God and the steadfastness of Christ.

The last entries are concerned with the fatal journey, of which a description is given in the next chapter. That of May 26 was written only ten days before his entrance into Life.

1927.

May 4. A good arrangement—God's best—for Hochow Hospital during the near future.
Re salaries, residences, furniture, raft arrangements—that God's will may be clear, and adhered to, and all be happily and successfully carried out.

May 14. Started. All satisfactorily arranged.

May 15. Rafts going well. All pleased.

May 24. That our raft may get off all right. [The raft was grounded in the shallows.]

May 25. Got off easily.

May 26. Lord, renew my commission!

CHAPTER IX

THE LAST JOURNEY

I wonder how many old Chefooites have experienced the delights of travelling together on a Chinese raft? Perhaps there is no other way of travelling that is so novel and interesting and restful. We had but three weeks of it on our way to Peking last year and feel we know now the A.B.C. at least of rafting.

Our rafts are very varied. We have long crocodile-like things made of a dozen logs bound together and then at each end to other similar bundles till there may be six or eight such segments, with two men aboard, one at either end. They are only used to bring wood down the small streams and it is an extraordinary sight to see such a segmented raft turn and wriggle like a snake at every bend of the river. Then there is a big wood raft —huge and clumsy, with a swarm of passengers aboard —that fears no rapid even in the great Yellow River. Such a raft may be the size of a small suburban garden. But it draws so much water that it is very apt to ground in the shallows.

Next we have the goat-skin raft—thirteen skins made up into a square, each skin blown up with air. The whole raft is so light that the raftsman who steers it down, with perhaps a ton of fruit aboard, can carry it single-handed up the path by the river back to his starting-point, and thus the apparently insuperable obstacle to navigation on our too swift Yellow River is overcome. So the plan is at least as good as, perhaps much better than, the Red Indian birch-bark canoe, isn't it? It is quite an art to manage a goat-skin raft and it is an amusing and fascinating pastime to try to learn how to do it, with a spade like a paddle, squatting at the edge of the crazy-looking craft.

But for long journeys the ideal raft of the North West is the

ox-skin raft. We spent three weeks on one of these, just anchoring up each night and off again at daybreak. There are one hundred and eight ox skins to each raft—four rows of twenty-seven each. These huge skins are prepared with salt and oil, and stuffed with dry straw, so that they float high and will carry a heavy cargo of tobacco or of wool. There is never any attempt to row them: all that is necessary is to trust the current of the river, and the six oarsmen required have only the task of keeping the raft in the current, away from rocks, and whirlpools, and shallows. The river is quite dangerous in parts, and a projecting rock will of course rip open a row of skins like a knife, and the noise is appalling if this accident occurs. Occasionally, too, rafts are engaged in whirlpools.

But the commonest accident that occurs is for the raft to ground in shallow water, the course of the main current being so variable. Then the raftsmen get into the water and try to haul and pull the raft off the sandbank. If they fail, the "ba dz" *has to be used. And do you know what a* "ba dz" *is? It is a long log fastened at the one end close to the side of the raft, and attached to a long rope at the other end, so that it can be put out into the current of the river, and dam up the water to some extent. Thus the current is used to twirl the raft off its sandbank, and in a bad place the* "ba dz" *may have to be used over and over again, first on this side, and then on the other side, before the raft can be freed from the shallows, and swings triumphantly back into the stream again. On a good day, with no hitches, a raft will go perhaps a hundred English miles. And the scenery through which we pass is magnificent—sometimes great beetling crags on either side; sometimes beautiful orchards of pear and other fruit trees. Sometimes we are out in the vast expanses of Mongolia, with the witching wonders of the great desert around us. Whether we are gliding luxuriously down-stream on an easy stretch of river, or encompassed with the whirlpools and shallows of other places, it is all delightful. And then at night to bivouac under the glorious stars and hear the gurgling water passing through the crevices between the ox skins is a pleasure to look back upon for a lifetime.*

"Rafting in the North West", an article written by Dr. King for the *Chefoo Magazine*, 1923.

1927 will long be remembered by missionaries in China as the year of the evacuation. Many of them had heard, with interest not wholly unmixed with sympathy, of the victorious advance of the Nationalist armies from Canton to the Yangtse valley. This striking success was attributable as much to skilful propaganda as to military prowess, and the propaganda was directed against "foreign Imperialism" as well as against "Northern Militarists", until it became clear that, though the Southern forces were less given to indiscriminate looting than their antagonists, the property of foreigners in the cities through which they passed was regarded as lawful prey.

The movement was not in its origin anti-Christian, but it became so because missionaries were universally regarded as Government agents whose main purpose was to encroach on the liberties of China, and Chinese Christians were despised as the slaves and dupes of the foreigners and therefore traitors to their own country.

The attacks upon foreigners, and especially the outrages perpetrated at Nanking in March, 1927, convinced the consular authorities of the necessity for a general evacuation, and although many experienced missionaries were naturally inclined to balance the possible perils of a long journey to the coast against the probability that in the far interior they would be left undisturbed, the majority felt obliged to accept the advice so strongly urged upon them, and prepare to leave the work they loved and the people who seemed so much to need them.

Nowhere, probably, did evacuation involve greater difficulty than in Kansu. Writing to his children at Chefoo on April 20, King spoke of the possibility of

visiting them in the autumn. That same week telegrams were received at Lanchow for transmission to all the mission stations in the province urging immediate evacuation. Early in May missionaries from all parts of Kansu, travelling by cart or litter, were converging on Lanchow, until a party of thirty-eight adults with twelve children were gathered together there, ready for the second stage of the journey.

Circumstances—in the form of numerous bands of brigands—determined the route to be taken. If the roads were unsafe, it was universally agreed that they must travel by the Yellow River to the railhead at Pao-tow-chen, and thence to Peking. Dr. King was the natural leader of the party, and he arranged for the construction of eight special goat-skin rafts, larger than those described above, and eminently suitable for a speedy trip down river.

On Saturday, May 14, the eventful journey began, and its incidents leading up to the tragedy of Whit-Sunday, June 5, are best described by those who were actually members of the party.

The first day out from port was highly sensational, especially navigating the long zigzag gorge. For this part of the journey extra raftsmen were hired, and even with the double crew many of the rocks were barely cleared. The "head" was continually yelling to the "tail",[1] and vice versa. The shouts and yells, added to the rocking motion of the flimsy craft and the tossing of the waves, increased the excitement. Most of the children were frightened. In this gorge the first whirlpool was encountered, where two of the rafts began a merry-go-round performance. In so doing one of the oars pierced a canopy of its neighbour's, but no serious damage was caused. The missionaries lent a hand at the oars, and soon extricated the rafts. The next merry-

[1] The crew are thus styled, from their position on the raft.

go-round, four days later, cost raft No. 5 a delay of four hours. The passengers had breakfast and morning worship while circling round a large whirlpool.

While the party were on shore near Ningsia, where the goat-skins had to be re-oiled and repaired, they were awakened in the early morning by a slight earthquake. The tremor lasted twenty seconds, doing slight damage to the mission station in Ningsia city and completely demolishing a native building.

Thrills of various kinds kept the long river journey from becoming monotonous, but the refugees got more than they cared for one beautiful morning when passing through the Mongolian desert. Rifle shots were heard from the shore, and several of the missionaries narrowly escaped being hit. The fleet was far from the shore, so decided to keep on. Later a light boat, aided by a sail, came hard on our track. When the boat neared, the wind veered so as to hinder the pirates, and the refugees' hopes of escape grew. Shots, however, were again fired, and anchorage had to be made. The stream at this point was extremely swift, causing two of the rafts to collide and prohibiting a safe landing. For a few minutes the situation was critical.

Four of the rafts were well in the lead. Two of the leaders of the pirates came to the river bank while two covered the party with rifles. The missionaries were assured that they were not being robbed, but merely paying a road toll in their own interests. A demand of $60 or $70 per raft, for the eight rafts, was made. When the missionaries demurred the riflemen requested the negotiating gentlemen to move to safety in order to give the guns free play. A sly smile accompanied the remark, so the rest was fairly easy. A bargain was made at $30 per raft in such a friendly manner that one of the party secured a snap photograph of the money being handed over. Unfortunately there was no gramophone to record the polite thanksgiving received for prompt payment of a legitimate tax!

The river journey lasted twenty-five days and included four Sundays. One who was present has thus

described a service held on the second Sunday, May 22:

It was a strange place to hold a service—a large oblong courtyard with stoutly built mud walls and mud roofs, dropped down out of nowhere—so it seemed—on the borders of the great Mongolian desert. The men who lived there (apparently Chinese) controlled the export of nitre from a wide area of country.

We were warned to beware of dogs, but on arrival, in the gathering gloom of a storm that was brewing, as well as of the oncoming night, we found the men had kindly had the largest and fiercest chained up.

We were shown into a large empty room with a very big brick bed right along one side of it, covered at one end with a clean new reed mat and at the other with various fragments of old ones; a rug and a rain cloak were quickly spread over these, and all but the leader of the meeting (Dr. King) took their seats on the brick bed, for there was nowhere else to sit. For illumination we had the light of our own storm lanterns tied here and there to beams or poles.

It was raining slightly when the meeting began, but soon it increased to a great downpour which turned the courtyard into a pool of water and threatened to drown the voice of the speaker.

As so often happened the rafts were not all together that night, and some, from rafts on the spot, were prevented from coming by the rain, so we were only a small party of twelve or thirteen people, the owners of the place retiring to their own rooms during the meeting.

How little did any of the party imagine that this was to be the last meeting led by Dr. King! Some present wished afterwards that they had taken notes of his masterly summary of the first epistle of John. The epistle was divided into three sections, each section shining with Love, Life, and Truth, each emphasizing the life of abiding in Christ and each finishing on the note of confidence and assurance. (See Chapters ii. 28, iii. 21, v. 14.) Unwavering faith and quiet, dauntless courage—this was the dominant note of the last message de-

livered by Dr. King, given in a barren, desolate room, while the storm raged over the dreary desert wastes outside, and the greater and more terrible storm was convulsing the land of his adoption, threatening to sweep away the work to which all his splendid talents, his whole soul and mind and strength, had been devoted for so many years.

When the meeting closed, we were relieved to find that the storm had largely spent itself, and we were able to wend our way back to the rafts in safety.

The raftsmen were not unnaturally scared by their encounter with brigands, and in order to avoid further danger they insisted on travelling by night, though the risk of grounding on sand-bars was thereby increased.

Our chronicler takes up the tale again. It is the night of Saturday, June 4.

"Like a river glorious is God's perfect peace." These and many like words came to mind as the rafts floated silently down a stream of silver moonlight shining on the still broad waters. The hills slept in dreamy stillness under a perfectly cloudless sky studded with countless stars. No sound broke the brooding silence save the occasional dip of an oar, or a low-toned word from one of the raftsmen.

The witchery of the scene kept one traveller awake far into the night, lying in the bunk with elbows on a pillow and eyes gazing up-stream. Slowly the moon sank toward the encircling hills, the path of molten silver growing wider and brighter. "Peace, perfect peace" seemed to be the message of the scene, but it was not true peace, for China with her wars and woes lay beyond one bank, and Mongolia with its dreary distances and its needy people stretched away from the other; while the hushed stillness was due to the raftsmen's fear of attracting the attention of brigands on the shore and, though no one guessed it, the waters which shone so calm and still in the moonlight were soon to claim the leader of the party.

The moon sank behind the hills at about eleven o'clock. The raftsmen had promised to moor as soon as it set, but

"LIKE A RIVER, GLORIOUS, IS GOD'S PERFECT PEACE."

GOAT-SKIN RAFTS NEAR THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE, LANCHOW.

(See page 35.)

failed to find a suitable place to put in to shore, so steadily glided on. Two of the rafts were tied together at the time. Some of the men were overcome with sleep, but two or three kept awake and had been consulting in low tones as to the fitness of conditions for mooring, when suddenly a side wind sprang up and very soon with the sound of bursting skins and a shock felt throughout both rafts they were swept by wind and tide on to a hidden sand-bar.

The change from idyllic calm to bewildered confusion was sudden and complete! All the men sprang to attention but in the darkness their efforts to float the rafts off ended in utter failure. The connecting ropes were cast off and one did succeed in swinging free for a few minutes, but a cross current caught her and she was narrowly saved from crashing into the other, and ended by striking the sand-bar slightly lower down.

Before very long the other rafts loomed out of obscurity, and drifting past were grounded further down on the same bank. Dr. King and others took to the water and tried most valiantly to free their floating homes, but all in vain; between 1 and 2 A.M. they were still wading round seeking to find the right way out of the shallows. The wind was strong and chill and the water cold, and when at last the attempt was abandoned until daybreak it took a good while for the cold and weary men (Dr. King in particular) to get warm enough to go to sleep.

At daybreak the occupants of the five stranded rafts (the three remaining rafts were some distance ahead) began to move, but it was sunrise before the raftsmen would take to the water and really attack the difficult task of freeing their craft from the sand in which the skins had now become so deeply embedded.

In all there were twenty-six men, fifteen Chinese and eleven foreigners, on the five rafts.

Leaving one man on each raft, all hands combined to set to work on one raft which, after much strenuous exertion, was triumphantly floated off into deep water. Then attention turned to the next. Her skins were in bad condition, and she was very low in the water; something must be done to

lighten her, so all the ladies, except Miss Wedicson (the invalid), were carried pick-a-back across to another raft, where they sat on sacks or poles at the front while their cook paddled to and fro bringing porridge in a large pot, sugar, basins, milk, etc., for breakfast was ready and must be eaten because the stove had suddenly gone to pieces, owing to the raft being deep in the water and to the violent measures needed to drag it out of its predicament. The already cooked food having been disposed of, the ever cheery and smiling cook proceeded to construct a temporary stove of several flat stones and soon had a fire alight once more. By the time tea was finished, the joyful cry was heard that their raft was afloat once more, and the ladies were carried back again.

A short halt was called for, to let the crews and their helpers have breakfast, and then the work began again.

It is impossible to give any adequate description of the scene, or any true impression of the exertion required to move the rafts, Some of the men pulled with ropes fastened to vantage points; others used strong poles as levers to prize up the beams which formed the framework; still others pushed or lifted by turns, while the men with the strongest voices kept up a lilting chant to give rhythm and unity to the pushing and pulling and lifting. Thus, at first almost imperceptibly, they loosened the hold of the closely clinging sand and mud, and then inch by inch forced the raft, in some cases, across quite a stretch of mud before a satisfactory channel could be reached.

The first three rafts were floated off into the deep channel on the *north* side of the river. The fourth—Mr. Hayward's raft —was in a somewhat different position, and, after much discussion and wading up and down stream to test the depth of the water, it was decided to move her off in the direction of the *south* bank. When at last she floated rather suddenly into quite deep water, Dr. King, Mr. Holton, and Mr. Rist, who had been helping at the front, finding the water too deep for wading back to the sand-bar, where one raft was still stranded, clambered on board and crossed to the south shore, which was about half a mile distant. On the way over Dr. King, perched on the front beam, chatted in his usual

genial way. He looked tired, but like all the other men he had spent about five hours in the water in very strenuous work. Arriving at the bank he seized the mooring pole and sprang ashore to help make fast.

When Mr. Hayward's raft put in to the south bank there were a number of people waiting there to see the strange travellers. They hailed from a small semi-Mongolian village close by. The women were friendly, and one of them invited Miss Garland and her sister to come to her home, where a little group of people listened quite intelligently to the gospel story.

Meanwhile Dr. King had suggested to Mr. Holton that they should try to swim back to the other rafts, but Mr. Holton felt it would be unwise to attempt the crossing. Dr. King then strolled along the bank up-stream, followed a little later by Mr. Rist and Mr. Holton. At the head of a big bend in the river they saw one or two fishermen, and found that Dr. King had waded out some distance from the shore, going in the direction of the shallows where the still stranded raft was surrounded by a somewhat depleted party of workers, who were straining every nerve to get her off. On his way along the bank Dr. King had made signals advising that the raft be moved in a different direction from that in which the men were trying to push her, and his advice was followed with good results.

Seeing Mr. Rist and Mr. Holton, Dr. King called out laughingly that he had taken off his clothes and wrapped them round some fish he had got from the fishermen, but that all had been swept down-stream. The doctor was standing in water above the waist as he talked. Mr. Rist advised him to return to the shore, and he evidently gave up his attempt to cross to the other rafts, for he turned to leave the water, making not for the spot where he had entered, but for the side of the river bend somewhat nearer to Mr. Hayward's raft.

Mr. Rist went back to borrow some of Mr. Hayward's garments for Dr. King's use. On the way he and Mr. Holton stopped to speak to the two ladies, who had returned from the village and were now sitting by the riverside. After tell-

ing of the plight Dr. King found himself in and pointing to his head visible some distance away, Mr. Rist continued on his way to the raft, and Mr. Holton returned to stand by Dr. King. No thought of danger entered anyone's mind; wading and swimming were things of daily occurrence, and on this occasion the only thought was that the doctor was remaining in the water till clothing could be secured for him.

Returning up-stream Mr. Holton saw the doctor floating on his back about two hundred feet from the shore in fairly quiet water. He turned so that his face could be seen; it was an unnatural colour, and fearing that all was not well Mr. Holton shouted, "Can you make it, doctor?" He answered, "I don't know". Mr. Holton at once began to throw off his clothes, intending to plunge in, but ere he could do so, the doctor was suddenly caught in a strong swift current and swept further from the shore, towards a place where several currents met in a seething, whirling welter of waters, where no human effort could avail to save him.

Mr. Holton's cry brought several fishermen and villagers to the spot; also Mr. Rist and Miss Garland, followed by the cook and raftsmen, who rushed up carrying inflated sheep-skins in the hope of being able to give help. Fango, the cook, was eager to go into the river to search. Dr. King was the best friend he had ever known. Left fatherless and motherless as a small boy, the doctor had befriended him, and now he had no one in the world belonging to him, and "What would it matter", he cried, "if I never come out again? I cannot swim, but I can hug a sheep-skin and float." But the strongest swimmer and best diver could have done nothing in that whirl of waters, and the fishermen and raftsmen said that with that current the body would already be far down the stream.

The current took a great semicircular sweep in the direction of the north bank, and the raftsmen thought well to follow it, in case the body might be caught at the bend. But nothing could be seen either there or further on, though a sharp look out was kept as the raft floated slowly down-stream.

Meanwhile, the last stranded raft had been floated off and

had joined the others in the northern channel, and as they started down-stream one of Hayward's raftsmen had shouted to them across the water that Dr. King was missing, but his words were only heard by those who were last in the line. They then had to follow the north channel for about three miles till it was possible for them to cross the river and moor at the south bank. There they waited for Mr. Hayward's raft, wondering at the delay, while those who had heard the words shouted across the water were hoping against hope that they had heard amiss. But as Mr. Hayward's raft floated past and pushed in to shore, one look at the faces of those aboard was enough to confirm their worst fears.

The horror and consternation of that moment! The news seemed to numb the brain, and at first the dominant impression was that it was absolutely *unbelievable*. Had the accident happened to any other member of the party this impression would not have been conveyed to the same degree. But Dr. King of all people! Dr. King the indomitable, who, no matter what the emergency, was always adequate; whose splendid physique had seemed equal to any strain put upon it; whose courage and resourcefulness never failed, and whose help was always at everyone's disposal! Not a member of the party but realized that it was a man with truly great qualities of mind and spirit who finished his course that day, and everyone felt stunned by the magnitude of the tragedy. But if to those who had learned to know and respect him as fellow-worker and leader of the party the shock was so great, how much more terrible was it for her to whom he was nearest and dearest! So far, the unconfirmed news had not been passed on to Mrs. King; she, all unconscious of tragedy, came smiling to the front of the raft with the baby in her arms, to find out the cause of the delay.

. . . . . .

When the news had been broken to Mrs. King and a near-by village had been visited and arrangements made for men to search for Dr. King's body, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Middleton, and others walked back up-stream with Mr. Holton to visit the scene of the tragedy. As in the lower village, so here also, a large reward was offered to anyone who could find the body

and bring it down to Pao-tow. Some of the men thought it just possible that it might be held down in the whirlpool where the doctor went down, but they were sure that in any case it would not rise to the surface till the third day. It hardly seemed wise to delay longer in brigand-infested country, so after the return of Mr. Fraser and the others the rafts were got under way and with aching hearts the travellers started again on their journey.

That evening, shortly before sunset, a heavy bank of cloud hung across the western sky, from behind which the sun poured down on the still water of the river, changing it to a sheet of molten silver, though the water near the raft was in deep shadow. The effect was wonderfully beautiful; dark clouds and dark waters close at hand, but *beyond* a perfect glory of light on river and in sky, as far as we could see. "Clouds are the dust of His feet"; they may hang low for a time but they cannot overcome or change the radiance that lies behind and beyond, and "At eventide it shall be light". Fango, one of the cooks, was squatting near his stove gazing at the scene. Presently he turned round to the bunk where two ladies were sitting and said: "Teacher, look at the glory light—Dr. King has gone there; he has entered into the light —the glory is great exceedingly." It was a beautiful thought and so true. He had indeed gone into the light; for him all darkness passed away for ever, and how many lives had been turned from darkness to light through his life and testimony!

Still gazing at the scene before him, Fango talked on about his early life, as a little orphan lad, and of the kindness of Dr. King to him. The doctor rests from his labours, but his works do follow him.

CHAPTER X

SUMMING UP

I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ. If anything I have will advance the interests of that Kingdom, it shall be given up or kept, as by keeping or giving it I shall promote the glory of Him to Whom I owe all my hopes, both of time and eternity.

—David Livingstone.

It only remains to gather up the threads of the story. More than three years have passed since George King, born on the Han River in 1887, was drowned in the Yellow River on June 5, 1927. He was in his fortieth year, and had given more than sixteen strenuous years of his life to China. If he could return to China to-day, what would be the first questions he would ask, what are the events which would interest him most? Would he not enquire first of all how it had fared with the Moslem work at Hochow, with the Leper Home, with the Borden Hospital, with Dr. Rand, and with the Chinese graduates to whom he gave his time, his strength, himself? The following extracts touch on all these points, and lead to the summing up of the present position, which must be our final word.

From Dr. Rand to Mrs. King, June 22, 1927.

Perhaps you would care to have me say just a word of how I appreciated the too short time of fellowship that I enjoyed here with your husband. He was a real father and brother to me. Every minute of our companionship was a

happy one for me, and it was a rare privilege to draw from his rich treasure of knowledge of China and her people and the language, and of the history and conditions here locally, of missionary methods, of caring for the bodies and souls of the sick. And in our relaxations he was a real friend and the happiest of company. Not once in the year and a half of our working together has there been the slightest unpleasantness or misunderstanding. My life is better and richer for his imprint.

On Sunday a letter came from P'i Teh-fuh, in Chengyueh. What a joy it was to read how happy he and Baoshui and Chien-yuan are in their witnessing for the Lord! [All three are graduates of the Lanchow Hospital.] The letter breathed a real spirit of consecration and a consciousness of the preciousness and power of an indwelling Lord. As I reread it now and think of the other groups of former students scattered here and there—multiplied images of their teacher and inspirer—truly the corn of wheat is bringing forth much fruit! Countless lives in China's north-west have been blessed in body and spirit as he went healing the sick and preaching the gospel, but in the lives of his students alone is a far grander memorial than the loftiest monument. When his great spirit left us in fullest prime of power, the short lifetime had already given his Master and the world a far greater work than many lifetimes of us of lesser gifts and lesser zeal.

When the telegram came I brought the news to Dr. and Mrs. Wu. I won't tell you the details of how overcome Mrs. Wu was, how Dr. Wu and I seemed so unable to comprehend the suddenness of the change that that piece of paper had brought to our hearts and lives, and how we read over together in the Chinese hymn book the words of "Not now but in the coming years". I only mention this because as I left to go to the city to tell the Lius, I thought what a legacy to leave the world, a couple like Dr. Wu and his dear wife! And in the pouring rain the next one I met was the Tibetan priest bringing back the vegetables for the lepers. As I left him there in the rain with the news, dazed and crying, I could see even in this resurrected outcast of society

—he was baptized last week—something of that same legacy. In the city, Dr. and Mrs. Liu, Kueh-nai, and Meng-chiao crying because "her doctor" will not come back, Wang Sao-tsi, Ch'eng Ta-hong—as I left them after hearing the sad message, I could summon up in my mind something of Dr. King's image in each one. And then back to find the Hospital—his Hospital—still standing in the rain. No, he has not left Kansu. He—yet speaketh.

All this has been expressed very clumsily. I know others will say their appreciations of dear Dr. King in a much finer way than I can, but none will be more sincere, and to no one could he have been more than to me as a friend.

From Dr. C. I. Stockley, M.B., Ch.B., of Sian, Shensi.

Dr. George King, of Lanchow, Kansu, was my nearest neighbour on the west, although he was eighteen days' cart journey, or over 500 miles away from us in Sian, and I never had the opportunity of seeing him face to face.

But I heard frequently of his splendid courage and great devotion. The Chinese frequently spoke of him even in Sian, and when they did so it was always to refer to his skill and his love for the downtrodden and the poor.

Over two years ago, when I first went to Sian, the dressers on our Jenkins-Robertson Memorial Hospital came to me one day and asked if our hospital might be modelled more on the lines of the Lanchow Mission Hospital under Dr. King. On talking to them more fully I found out that really they appreciated the man and knew he was one who lived for China. Dr. George King spoke Chinese fluently and had become so much imbued with the atmosphere of the country that he had lost his foreign point of view.

He met his death while he was trying to give assistance to others. He died as he would have wished to die, in the path of duty.

From Dr. Rand, written before the news of Dr. King's death had reached Lanchow.

Work in the hospital is going on as usual. The most of the fifteen medical students passed their examinations suc-

cessfully, so that Dr. King has brought the work here to such a place that his going, instead of resulting in a pulling in, was followed by a lengthening of our stakes. Though the young doctors have not yet received their diplomas they are now scattered around Kansu, equipped with small stocks of drugs and instruments, tracts and gospel portions, and some, I am sure, with a passion for souls. One is helping here, another is in the city dispensary, a third is in Hochow carrying on till Dr. Liu can go there. Three have gone to Sining, two to Fukiang, two to Minchow, two to Titao, and three to Tsingyüan. This last pleased me most as there is no mission station there, though there is the beginning of a church as a result of previous medical visits.

From Dr. Rand, July 30, 1927.

Hospital work is going on as usual. The Lord has blessed us with happy results in treatment, especially with regard to quite a few serious operations of the outcome of which we felt apprehensive. More important still has been the blessing in our spiritual work. Five more of our lepers have just been baptized. Of these two were Tibetans—a priest and a young woman—and perhaps you know what a triumph of grace it is when a Tibetan publicly professes Christ. Other patients have professed conversion. Of sixteen baptisms in the City Church (now independent) a large proportion had their first contact with the gospel while at our hospital. For one who is just starting his work in China, and who can only lisp a bit of the language, it is a great joy to have working with me Dr. Wu, a wise and capable doctor and a real friend, but above all a constant witnesser for Jesus Christ. The last few weeks our work has slackened a bit, and Dr. Wu has been stirring up the rest of us to make visits with him to the early morning melon market, which is a feature of this time of the year. Nearly every morning between five and seven o'clock some of us manage to get over there and pass out tracts, sell gospels, sing hymns, and preach.

Our City Dispensary has been busy. Dr. Liu, helped by Dr. Suen, gives half his time to the work. His afternoons he gives to running the Girls' School, which Mrs. Botham en-

trusted to him before going to the coast. The school will close soon, after which Liu will move on to Hochow to take over the work of our Moslem Hospital there. Mr. Hsien, our hospital evangelist, has been spending a great part of his time there, and it looks as if the Holy Spirit is soon to do a great work in that stronghold of Islam. Mr. Hsien is contemplating a public baptism of a convert who is asking for it, and though this will mean all the more active opposition it may mean the beginning of a real breach in the wall. Quite a group of men have thrown over Islam, and are meeting in their homes for Christian worship. Please pray for the work there.

From Dr. Rand to Mr. D. E. Hoste, Sept. 16, 1927.

News from Hochow is very encouraging. Our evangelist Hsien is spending most of his time there now. I mentioned to Mr. Gibb the baptism here in Lanchow of the first Hochow Moslem. Perhaps you may be interested in the sequel. The man himself went on to another city to seek employment, as he was driven out of Hochow. He left his wife in her mother's home, where she took such a decided stand for the Lord that she too was driven out. Her husband's home as well would not receive her. Finally, the little group of Christians took care of her, but one of them was so persecuted for it that he came to stay with us at Lanchow for a few days while the storm blew over. I hear now that the girl is back in her old home, is treated well, but still stands true. There are now twelve Hochow Moslem Christians, all of whom are bitterly persecuted. Beside the one mentioned above, another is a baptized Church member. He is a Labrang man who heard the gospel at the Hochow Hospital, and was later baptized by the C. and M.A. missionary at Labrang. He is now living at Hochow. They are meeting regularly for worship and are planning the formation of an organized *Hwei Min Chi Tuh Chiao* (Christian Church for Moslems). I am sure there will be fierce persecution ahead, but it looks as if the break is at hand in the Moslem wall. I do hope the Harrises will be able to return soon.

The hospital at Hochow was closed for most of May, but

since then has been kept open. Dr. Liu is now in charge. The City Dispensary here is becoming increasingly popular, though except as a feeder for the hospital here it has not proved to be the factor in evangelistic work that we had hoped. Dr. Suen is in charge. Here at the hospital I have with me Drs. Wu and Tang, the former of whom will leave for home in a few days on a long-deferred vacation. It is a question if he'll ever be able to come back. I will certainly miss him, for not only has he been my real prop in all matters of hospital administration, and the one outstanding witness for the Lord among the patients, but he has been as fine a friend to me personally as any foreign companion could be. We have been fairly busy here this summer, despite the fact that it is usually the slackest season. Opportunities abound around us, but we are too few to begin to make use of them. It would be fine for a small group to rent a place for a few months of medico-evangelistic work in a place such as Anting or Tsingyüan. Then we would like to make visits to the many towns and villages surrounding us where there are groups of former patients who showed interest in the gospel. Such follow-up visits made regularly might well lead to the forming of numerous local churches. With Dr. Wu gone, I do not feel that a doctor can be spared from here for more than a day at a time, whether myself or Dr. Tang.

From Dr. Rand, January (?), 1928.

Seven more of our lepers are applying for baptism and seem ready, though we shall wait till the spring before definite examination. One of these is a young Tibetan priest. (Perhaps you will remember that last June we baptized an older priest, who, by the way, seems thoroughly converted.) Two others are Moslems. Of course, it is far easier for these Tibetan and Moslem outcast lepers to confess the Lord here in the shelter of our compound than it would be in their villages, but nevertheless they are real trophies of grace. Despite the motley collection of races there is rarely a quarrel. Practically all are in such a condition clinically that they can be allowed to sit on specially reserved benches at our services and their testimonies in prayer and praise services are

a joy to hear. Most of them show obvious physical improvement under our treatment, and all but one claim to be greatly improved. The evangelist insists that this one fails to get well because he alone resists the gospel.

One young fellow, just about well enough to be paroled, is preparing to return to his village to preach the gospel. The old priest, since he speaks Chinese and Tibetan both, is a great help to us with Tibetan patients. Recently we had eleven Tibetans in the wards, and he not only acted as interpreter for the evangelists, but of his own accord did much personal work with them.

From Dr. Rand, June 12, 1928.

An army of Moslem bandits recently besieged Hochow (Kansu), but has now been driven off by the Government troops, who now have the situation well in hand, I believe. Dr. Liu moved to the city (*i.e.* to Lanchow), but Mr. Hsien, who stayed on too long, had a string of most bitter and dangerous experiences before finally escaping to Titao. Dr. Liu now reports that the part of the property in which the Harrises lived has been completely burned, that all of their things and Dr. Liu's have been lost, and that all the doors and windows of the hospital have been removed. The action was not directed particularly against the hospital, for the whole suburb has been burned to the ground. When the foreign party arrives several of us may perhaps take a trip to see what had best be done as to future occupation of the place. Even if Dr. Liu had not already decided to leave I am quite sure he would not care to remain on after the recent affair. I do hope the place can be occupied somehow.

The "foreign party" to which Dr. Rand refers included Dr. A. G. Taylor, whose arrival was a most welcome reinforcement to the Lanchow work. In response to a Chinese appeal for help in Red Cross work Dr. Taylor proceeded almost at once to Hochow, in company with one of the Chinese doctors, a nurse, and other helpers. He found the Mission premises com-

pletely gutted. "Only the walls were left standing, and they were in a precarious condition."[1]

From Dr. Rand, Winter, 1928.

We have by no means given up Hochow. But even if the hospital were already rebuilt there would be no Moslems there to work among, and it remains to be seen if it will ever again become the Mecca of the Far East, or even if they will be allowed to return at all. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Harris, whose special work is with the Mohammedans, have moved to Sining, and we may start hospital work with them there, while waiting Hochow developments. It may be that some day there will be branch hospitals in both places.

In the wake of the Moslem uprising there followed one of the severest famines ever known in north-west China. Hundreds of thousands perished from starvation, and a virulent typhus epidemic carried off thousands more. Ten China Inland Mission workers contracted the disease,[2] and amongst them was Dr. Rand, whose heart had been stirred by the misery of the famine refugees. With other missionaries he had been assisting in the distribution of food to the sufferers, and it was from contact with them that in April, 1929, he fell a victim to the dread disease. In spite of the unremitting care of doctors and nurses, he passed away on May 8, after less than six years' service in and for China.

From Dr. Liu Shui-lai at Ishïh, Shansi, to Mrs. G. E. King, April 27, 1929.

I dreamed of Dr. King very oftenly and always see him in good health and happy spirit. One question from him I can never forget is this, in my dream he came to my Shansi home, when he was going on a ricksha, he turned over and asked me, "When will you go to Kansu?" I hope God will lead me and open the road for me.

[1] See illustration facing page 58.
[2] Five of these workers recovered.

I came out from the besieged city Hochow last June and see the hospital last before it was burned. I stayed at Lanchow for three months and my Mother called me home on account of her sickness, she fell over a place about 8 ft. high and was unconscious for a week. Now she is better but I cannot leave home and she is not willing to come out. I have an idea to go up to Pingliang to open the hospital there. Dr. Rand had seen Mr. Tornvall this February about it and he is very glad to have me there.

Pray for me now. I am staying at home to see God's will.

For a whole year Dr. Taylor was the only foreign doctor in Kansu. It had been hoped that Dr. Ivor Beauchamp, son of Sir Montagu Beauchamp, one of the "Cambridge Seven," would be free to join him for a time, with the prospect of going forward later to Sining for special work amongst Moslems there. But various circumstances made it clear that Dr. Beauchamp should re-open the hospital in Paoning, Szechwan, which had been entirely closed through lack of workers. Early in 1930 Dr. Taylor was encouraged by the coming of Dr. P'i Teh-fuh (mentioned on page 86) to assist in the work, and in March he reported a very happy spirit in the hospital.

Owing to political disturbances no passports were granted to foreign missionaries for Kansu, but an exception was made in favour of Mr. G. Findlay Andrew, who was travelling as a representative of the China International Famine Relief Committee. In the motor-truck which carried him on a most adventurous trip over two thousand miles of very inferior and brigand-infested roads to Lanchow, Mr. Andrew was allowed to take with him Dr. D. V. Rees, who had worked for some years in Kweichow, and Dr. Kao.[1] The latter, after some years of service in a military hospital, was returning to the pro-

[1] See pages 26, 40, 45, 57.

vince with the full intention of resuming his "medico-evangelistic" ministry.

Dr. Rees had scarcely begun to accustom himself to the new conditions when he was laid low by an attack of pneumonia, but by the end of May he had recovered sufficiently to take his share in the work.

We have still to chronicle one further heavy loss which the cause of Christ, and, in particular, of medical evangelism in Kansu, has recently suffered. It has been already stated that Dr. B. Y. Wu, whose name has been mentioned so frequently in this story, had returned to his home at Tsinchow in the autumn of 1927, and, much as he would have liked to resume his work in the Borden Hospital, this had not proved possible. On May 6, 1930, a large band of well-mounted Moslem bandits attacked Tsinchow. They looted the Mission property in the suburbs outside the city wall, and on entering the city proceeded to murder scores of unresisting people. A party of them burst into Dr. Wu's hospital, and both Dr. Wu and his brother were terribly wounded. They lay all night in an open courtyard, for it was impossible for their friends to minister to them, and Dr. Wu passed away the next morning. His brother, Wu Bao-shui (see page 86), one of the second batch of graduates from Lanchow, has recovered from his injuries. Miss R. C. Benson, who was at Tsinchow during the massacre, writes:

Mrs. Wu has been so brave and strong through it all, the Lord has given her marvellous grace. Her one desire is to be all for Him and serve Him entirely. Not the least rebellion in her spirit whatever. I believe the Lord is going to use her more than ever.

The last messages given by the doctor were messages of power; his whole face was lit up with joy in the Lord and he

has been having great joy in preaching the gospel along with his medical work. Just a few weeks before, he told me of several recent experiences. He is a great loss to the whole community. His last words were, "The Lord is with us".

. . . . . .

In a recent leading article in the *Times*, the writer referred to the idea, widely current to-day, that we are needing a restatement of Christ's principles in a form which will appeal to the modern mind; and it was pointed out that the pressing need of the hour is not for a *restatement* but a *reinstatement* of the Master's teaching.

To restate, says the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, is "to put into more intelligible or more convincing words"; but to reinstate, according to the same authority, is "to restore to, replace in, lost position". The words of the Great Commission, as given in Matthew xxviii. and Acts i., could hardly be made more intelligible or more convincing. There is no reasonable doubt as to what Christ meant when He bade His disciples go and make disciples of all nations, when He told them that they were to be His witnesses to the uttermost part of the earth.

What, therefore, we have sought to do in grouping together the facts contained in this chapter, the series of disasters (as they must appear from the human point of view) which, beginning with the death of Dr. King himself and leading up to the murder of Dr. Wu, have overtaken the work of medical evangelism in Kansu, is to *restate the need* in a form as intelligible and convincing as possible.

But a restatement of the need will lead to no definite result unless the Holy Spirit of God reinstates, with His own Divine urgency, the plain teaching of Christ in the minds and hearts of Christians. If the teaching of the New Testament, with all its solemn emphasis on the

condition of those who are without Christ, and on the inescapable duty which rests upon all who know Him to make Him known, is restored to its lost position, so that the failure to follow it becomes a burden upon the Christian conscience, then the facts stated above will lead to action. The lives of Mark Botham, William Borden, George King, and others will not have been given in vain for the turbulent Moslems of Kansu. Others will take up the flaming torch which has dropped from the hands of these and other pioneers, and bear it aloft into that stricken province. Fishers of men, some of them with their medical skill as bait, will toil as patiently as King and Rand and Wu for the souls of the people, whether Moslems, Chinese, or Tibetans. The facts have been restated. Are we prepared to respond as God Himself reinstates in our minds and brings home to our consciences the clear teaching of His Word?

THE UNFINISHED TASK

"This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations."—Matt. xxiv. 14.

FACING a task unfinished,
That drives us to our knees,
A need that undiminished
Rebukes our slothful ease,
We, who rejoice to know Thee,
Renew before Thy Throne
The solemn pledge we owe Thee
To go and make Thee known.

Where other lords beside Thee
Hold their unhindered sway,
Where forces that defied Thee
Defy Thee still to-day,
With none to heed their crying
For life, and love, and light,
Unnumbered souls are dying,
And pass into the night.

We bear the torch that flaming
Fell from the hands of those
Who gave their lives proclaiming
That JESUS died and rose.
Ours is the same commission,
The same glad message ours,
Fired by the same ambition,
To Thee we yield our powers.

O Father Who sustained them,
O Spirit Who inspired,
Saviour, Whose love constrained them
To toil with zeal untired,
From cowardice defend us,
From lethargy awake!
Forth on Thine errands send us
To labour for Thy sake.

The China Inland Mission

The China Inland Mission—an interdenominational and international organization—was founded in 1865 "under a deep sense of China's pressing need, and with an earnest desire, constrained by the love of Christ and the hope of His coming, to obey His command to preach the Gospel to every creature".

During the last sixty-five years about 126,000 Chinese have been baptized, and the work is being carried on to-day by 1150 missionaries and a large force of Chinese workers in 300 stations and 1700 out-stations.

Although no appeal for funds has ever been authorized, God has supplied all the needs of this ever-growing work, and the Mission has never been one penny in debt.

To God alone be the glory!

But China's need to-day is as pressing as ever. Multitudes of men and women, great tracts of country are still unreached. The command to preach the Gospel to every creature has never been cancelled. Have we, then, the same deep sense of the need? Are we constrained by the love of Christ and the hope of His coming to obey His last command?

Believing that, in spite of the unstable political conditions, it is our inescapable duty to advance in every part of the field, we have issued an appeal for *two hundred new workers* within two years, *i.e.* by the end of 1931. We therefore invite the prayers of all, on all God lays the same burden, and offers of service from those who are free and fit to go.

You can help by joining:

(1) The Prayer Union, which links together those who desire to pray systematically for the work;

(2) The Prayer Companionship, which links its members to individual missionaries on the field;

or, if you are under eighteen,

(3) The Comradeship for China, which is the young people's branch of the Mission.

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